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A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

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Volume LVIII.
No. 68.

CHICAGO, APRIL 29, 1915.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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A COMMODITY OF GOOD NAMES.

Language is all names. Nouns, of course, are the names of persons or things; adjectives and adverbs are the names of qualities; verbs the names of actions. If you say "John ran a mile briskly" you are simply naming first the person, second the kind of action he indulged in, third the division of space he covered, and fourth the way in which he did it. Pronouns are simply signs substituted for names to obviate their repetition. Thus we say: "John went to his house" instead of "John went to John's house." The articles, conjunctions, and prepositions are more abstract, but they are merely a thin cement to hold together the name-bricks of language.

To name is the poet's trade; but collective humanity has been at work at it from the beginning, naming and re-naming, forming airy symbols for the realities of the world. All the languages and dialects are its attempts at piecing together images so they can be passed from mind to mind. And the vast web so fabricated is ready to the hand of the still more definitely purposed poet or prose writer to cut up into garments for the creations of his imagination. Language is the exercise of the world before it becomes the skill of one or a score or a hundred; just as myriads of minute insects contribute to the building of a coral reef before palms and cocoanut trees can wave their fronds above the sea.

As far as permanency is concerned, the anonymous haphazard naming of the multitude may outlast most of the labored work of the poet. It does not write on paper or parchment, but on the face of the earth—on places, houses, waters, woods. A good percentage of territorial names must have been originally the work of fancy; they were appellations which had a meaning of honor, irony, contempt. In a desert island story, when the shipwrecked people have mapped out their domain, they proceed to give names to the various places, such as Cape Fear, Bay of Good Hope, Snug Harbor, and so forth. This has probably been the method of the world in general. The nomenclature reflects the mood of the discoverers, as in Bret Harte's country with its Dead

Man's Gulch and Roaring Camp and the like. In earlier days the territorial appellations became the names of the persons who dwelt in such places; so people were called Ford, Field, Wood, and innumerable other name words. In fact, though that collective poet, the world, is continually at work at language or naming, its efforts in personal nomenclature display a certain poverty of invention. There are said to be only three names to-day in Wales, which we suppose are Jones, Lloyd, and Llewellyn. China has proportionally even fewer surnames; and most modern races betray the same narrowing of this kind of nomenclature, as though humanity had grown weary of marking out its innumerable children.

One of the ways in which humanity has particularly exercised its naming faculty is in the designations given to homes, and more especially inns. The inn names throughout England are a delight to the student of the grotesque, the bizarre, the unexpected. A list ought to be compiled of them as a work of national humor. Excluding the various "Arms" and "King's Heads" and "Saracen Heads," there are a multitude of inn signs ranging from the quaint to the inexplicably queer. Pretty nearly all the animals, existent or imaginary, have lent their names and painted semblances to these signs. There is—or was—"The Mermaid," "The Griffin," "The Elephant," "The White Hart," "The Boar's Head," "The Three Cranes in the Vintry." There are a great many trios,—“The Three Angels,” “The Three Tuns,” “The Three Nuns,” “The Three Cups,” and so forth. “The Goose and the Gridiron” is understandable; and “The Bull and the Gate” is supposed to be a corruption of Boulogne Gate. But what does “The Salutation and the Cat” mean, or the “The Cock and the Bottle”? Our American inns have rarely such picturesque names as the English, though we know of one in Jersey called “The Blazing Rag.”

Speaking of the supposed monotony of nomenclature in Wales to-day, we are reminded of Matthew Arnold's remarks about the lofty and penetrating beauty of the ancient Welsh and Cornish names,—Tintagel, Caernarvon, and others. We used to think that there was something of this “large utterance” in the American Indian names; Pocahontas, Powhatan, Manhattan, Mohawk, Pawnee, have a high order of style about them. But too many Indian names are composed of grunts and gut-

turals. There is a place in Pennsylvania called Wapwallopen; translated, this means Warrior's Rest, which is pretty enough. Then there are Mauch Chunk, Manuka Chunk, Tamenend, Wissahickon—none of which would seem to be conceived in the style of great poetry.

It is a sign of genius when a writer is as much concerned in the selection of his names as in the ordering of other words. Just what makes the names appropriate or beautiful would be difficult to say. Euphony counts for much, association for much. But after all, it is more or less of a mystery why Pembroke should be a beautiful name and Hodgins an ugly one; why Beatrice should be noble and graceful, and Sophronisba a trifle ridiculous. The taste of the best judges decides, and the world comes around to their opinion. There are three great divisions of names in fiction, and the appropriate and beautiful form the first. These, perhaps, give a writer the least trouble. He has simply to select from the large stock which use has approved. How much of the effect of Horace's Odes is due to the lovely Greek and Latin female names which they enshrine! We must brighten up our page with some of them,—Lydia, Lalage, Myrtale, Phryne, Glycera, Terentia, Cynara, Chloe, Pyrrha, Leucônœ, Tyndaris, Barine. Asteria. Such names have the perfection of the classic world. They sound like fountains rippling over marble; they gleam like moonlight in old gardens. The names of Shakespeare's girls are far more richly colored, are wilder, more full of romance. Rosalind, Juliet, Viola, Miranda, Perdita, Portia, Beatrice, Imogen,—these are double roses compared with the Latin poet's simpler flowers. Shakespeare was equally fortunate in his men's names. In his historic plays he came into the inheritance of the Norman-English nomenclature, than which there has never been anything more impressive. In his other plays an almost infallible taste guided him in his selection of names. Sometimes, indeed, we think he picked out stories for the sake of the names. His first child, born before he left Stratford, was named Hamnet. Was he already brooding over the Danish Prince, or did he choose that subject because of his son? Scott, also, came into a commodity of good names: Waverley (who almost gave his name to an epoch), Redgauntlet, Montrose, Douglas, Marmion. Surely names were more splendid in those old days than now,—they were like banners flung upon

the air. The old lady who thrilled at the sound of the blessed name Mesopotamia was certainly not alone in her love for lofty appellations. And when names are concatenated in poetry, as they are in passages of Milton, Marlowe, Scott, they can move most readers still by their inspiring harmony. To the English lyric poets, names are almost the captain jewels in their carcanets of words. Lovelace, Burns, Shelley, Tennyson, all lift up single names until they glow like stars. Landor's immortality is perhaps best assured by the eight lines which exhale the fragrance of that perfect name, Rose Aylmer.

The second division of fiction names is that of the perfectly characteristic; and here the writer has to labor terribly. We are told how Balzac used to ride around Paris studying the shop signs, in search of a name for some character he had in mind. Dickens turned and twisted his names, until by some subtle instinct he recognized that he had the right one. When this did arrive it was a stroke of genius; it was half the battle. It was like adding the necessary chemical to a solution,—the character was the precipitate. Would it be possible to imagine Sairey Gamp, Dick Swiveller, the Wellers, Micawber, or Pecksniff under other names? It is hardly necessary to read the novels to have some idea of these personages. At their very best, such names become proverbial. Don Quixote's name has been made into a noun and an adjective. Shandyism is the label of a certain quality of humor. The Pickwickian sense excuses everything. Here, again, the reason for the fitness of the cognomen is a mystery. Why should Quilp be the pre-ordained name for Dickens's funniest fiend? Why should "My Uncle Toby" express so much of simplicity and good nature?

The third species of names in fiction are those exploited in the "comedy of humor." Compared with the perfectly characteristic ones, they are like a ready-made suit of clothes beside one made to order. They are created by simply labelling your personage with the name of a certain quality. He is introduced as the embodiment of an abstract idea. It is an easy way to give a character a start in life; and if he or she wakes up and becomes a real human being, there is no great harm in it. The great successes in the characteristic nomenclature are comparatively few; in the nomenclature of humor, they are many. For they not only pervade the old comedy from Ben Jonson

down to Sheridan, but Shakespeare, the great essayists, and the novelists are full of them. In Shakespeare, side by side with such characteristic cognomens as Falstaff, Caliban, Mrs. Quickly, we have Pistol, Sir Toby Belch, Shallow, and Slender. A vast number of the people in Scott, Dickens, and the lesser novelists have artificial names of this kind.

It may be objected that we are making a great deal out of nothings,—that names are mere airy breath and have no reality or fitness or prophecy in them. The Neo-Platonists made the Logos, the word, the beginning of everything. The hero of Poe's story, "The Power of Words," breathes a new star into words simply by naming it. We think there is hardly any reform which would work more good in the world than one by which the whole race would gradually come to possess appropriately beautiful or majestic names. However, there is always a danger that the christening may come to naught. Miss Mitford tells a story of a couple named Rose. They had a daughter whom they thought it would be poetical to name Wild. This did very well until she grew up and married a man named Bull.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

ONE WHO LIVED THE LIFE OF A POET, faithful in thought and word and deed to a poet's ideals, has lately passed from among us with little public demonstration of grief at his going. Those who have read Mrs. John Albee's "Mountain Playmates" will retain pleasant memories of the poet and nature-lover whose name, with that of his wife, has made Pequaket, in the New Hampshire hills, a place of peculiar interest and charm on the map of New England; for here has been the Albees' summer home, as also at times their winter home, and here both books and Abnakee rugs have been called into being in a memorable manner, concerning which there will be found some notable chapters in "The Gleam," from Mrs. Albee's pen. Mr. Albee's books include "Literary Art," "Poems," "Newcastle, Historic and Picturesque," "Prose Idylls," "Remembrances of Emerson," "Lake Chocorua," "Confessions of Boyhood," and a life of Henry Dexter, the sculptor. He was born at Bellingham, Mass., April 3, 1833, was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and the Harvard Divinity School, and preached for a short time—long enough to discover that he had greater aptitude for poetry than for pul-

pit-pounding — after which he lived for many years at Newcastle, an island settlement off the coast of New Hampshire near Portsmouth; and it is this little place that he has celebrated in one of the most attractive of town histories, a work which his friend Mr. Sanborn, of Concord, speaks of as "more resembling Hesiod's recollections of Asara than Felt's 'Annals of Salem.'" His debt to Emerson, a kindred soul who like himself had found the pulpit untenable, may be partly learned from the fifth book in the foregoing list. The poet's later years were years of painful illness, cheerfully borne, of enforced seclusion, submitted to with contentment, though the recluse enjoyed society and was fitted to be its ornament, of failure to reap any adequate fruits from his literary industry, but of no departure, through it all, from the modest dignity of bearing becoming one who was, in the best sense of that term, the captain of his soul.

THE FOUNT OF FICTIVE TEARS, in which the sane and sensible Katie Willows was not wont to dabble, has nevertheless a certain undeniable charm for many other equally normal and healthy representatives of young girlhood. Juvenile readers take their fiction in tremendous earnest, and rather resent than enjoy any appeal to their still undeveloped sense of humor. Those who have had experience in reading or telling stories to children will appreciate an article in the current "Library Journal" on "The Foreign Child and the Book," by Miss Aniela Poray, who evidently knows whereof she writes. "Both boys and girls," she has observed, "care very little for humor in their reading, for it hardly comes in their scheme of life. A common request from girls is for weepy stories. They like 'Sara Crewe' for many reasons, but the fact that it is sad and pathetic is the greatest attraction. When books of appealing human sympathies can be found which combine also literary merit, all is well; but when this craving for weepiness seeks satisfaction in such lollipop books as those of Nina Rhoades, the librarian has a hard task before her. It is not easy to persuade and convince the little girl that not having Nina Rhoades there may be something else that she would like as well. With apologies to Dickens, I found him an excellent alternate for Nina Rhoades and others of her kind. The stories of little Paul Dombey, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, and Little Nell are pathetic, and the strange English setting is forgotten in the meeting of a familiar type." With both boys and girls of foreign extraction this authority has found Lincoln to be a prime favorite in biography.

"They have reverence akin to awe for Washington, they admire the military prowess of Dewey or Grant, but Lincoln they love." There is certainly no morbid craving for the lachrymose in the small boy's eagerness for a new book about Lincoln, which when he has found and read with approval he recommends to the other boys with a "Gee, it's great!"

GERMANY'S APPRECIATION OF SHAKESPEARE seems not to have suffered very much from her present rupture with Shakespeare's country. When the "Tageblatt" of Berlin not long ago solicited the opinion of German scholars and men of letters as to what books were best adapted to current tastes and needs, the author to receive the most votes was found to be Shakespeare. His "Henry V." led the list, and it is worth noting that it was immediately followed by three other English works, — Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Edward VII.," Seeley's account of "The Expansion of England," and McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." German interest, naturally a somewhat malevolent interest just now, in the three last-named works is not hard to understand; but in German admiration for the spirited historical drama mentioned above one sees something very different. In the Bishop of Ely's exhortation to the young monarch beginning, "Awake remembrance of these valiant dead And with your puissant arm renew their feats: You are their heir; you sit upon their throne,"

it is not difficult to shift the scene and imagine the apostrophe addressed to the heir of the Great Elector, of Frederick II., and of William I., especially as the purpose of the appeal is to arouse the king to war against France. As was declared by Professor Brandl of the University of Berlin, this play is an inspiring thing to read when there comes the call to arms. He is further reported as saying: "All that Shakespeare says of his Henry is applicable to our Kaiser, and the aggressive humor with which he treats the French does particular good in these days." German scholarship has spent itself so unsparingly on Shakespeare study that no one can fairly begrudge the Germans such comfort as they can in present trials derive from his pages. It even appeals to the sense of humor to find them turning to their own use against England the greatest of England's poets.

THE READING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN tends to become, in these opening days of the ever-inviting outdoor season, a negligible quantity; and this is in great part as it should be. Still the problem of how to bring together at the psychological moment the child and the book

he most needs loses none of its importance with the shifting of the seasons. At the Library School in Albany, as explained in the current record of things accomplished there during the past year, added attention is given to this question in a newly established "library institute open only to district superintendents of schools." This is one branch merely of the regular summer activity of the New York State Library School, and the sessions were attended by thirty-one superintendents, who took an energetic part in the discussions and showed a genuine interest in the topics discussed. What aid the State gives toward the furnishing of small school libraries was learned in detail by those attending; and, further, as we are informed, "an important feature was an exhibit, classified by grades, of several hundred books suitable for the first eight school grades. The practical character of this exhibit was shown by the fact that a number of those in attendance used it as a partial basis for books to be recommended for purchase during the coming year." Among the lectures delivered are to be noted several on such generally interesting themes as "What is Education and Who are Educated?" "The School Library in Agricultural Education," and "Selection of Historical Material for Schools," while to those who delight in technicalities were offered instructive talks on "Some Essentials of Cataloguing," "Classification of School Libraries," and kindred subjects.

THE IMPROBABILITIES AND IMPOSSIBILITIES OF FICTION surely need not be so numerous and so glaring as they are. Creative authorship is not incompatible with some degree of critical sagacity even in regard to one's own inspirations. Why should Trollope, to cite an old and familiar instance, allow himself such absurdities as are encountered in his description of the pecuniary embarrassments of the hero of "Ralph the Heir"? Ralph Newton, a young man of twenty-seven, has but recently run through the greater part of a considerable fortune, and is reduced to the necessity of asking credit from the tradesmen with whom he deals. To his boot-maker he is represented to be in debt to the extent of two hundred and seventeen pounds—a thousand dollars, approximately, for boots within perhaps two years! And for leather riding breeches his debt to Neefit of Conduit Street is equally absurd. There is no excuse for this straining of the reader's credulity. Sheer carelessness, or wantonness, on the author's part, it must be called. Of course it is a small matter; but why wreck the verisimilitude of a good story in this needless fashion? Again, to take an

example from current fiction, in "The Awakening," by Henry Bordeaux (if that be the author's real name), we read in the third chapter about a certain "telegraphed letter" which in very explicit terms is distinguished from ordinary mail correspondence; yet only two pages later a person to whom the message is handed for perusal is made to recognize the sender's handwriting, "although it was stiffer, firmer, with sudden flourishes and unfinished letters." Apparently this communication, so painstakingly impressed upon us as a telegram, changes its character in a twinkling and becomes an autograph document. We have here to do with an old complaint of novel-readers against novel-writers, as old as novels themselves, no doubt; but the fact remains that it is just such disconcerting tricks, or lapses, as this that make the judicious novel-reader grieve.

ONE YEAR'S WORK OF OUR LARGEST PUBLIC LIBRARY, epitomized in statistical form, makes a showing that is, to say the least, impressive. In the twelve months ending last December the New York Public Library lent 9,516,482 books for home use, opened four new branch libraries, added 201,805 volumes, supplied 83,319 books by inter-branch loans, served 1,267,879 readers in adults' reading-rooms, lent 26,224 embossed books to blind readers, lent 973,856 books by travelling libraries, lent 4,114,515 books to children, served 1,502,185 readers in the children's reading-rooms, conducted 48 reading clubs for children, supplied rooms for hundreds of public meetings, gave away 300,000 copies of the "Branch Library News," lent 649,727 books in 26 foreign languages; the Reference Department of the main library served 711,122 readers, supplied for reference use 2,127,328 books, added to its collection 41,727 books and 2,320 pamphlets, opened a Manuscript Division, held exhibitions of etchings, prints, books, and manuscripts, and answered thousands of questions by word of mouth, by letter, or by telephone, through the Information Division. The Municipal Reference Library in the Municipal Building was also taken in charge. With pardonable pride New York now turns to the other great cities of the world with the classic interrogation, "Can you beat it?"

A PRINTER WITH THE SPIRIT OF AN ARTIST may raise typography almost to a fine art, if not quite. As long as the world reads books it will be interested in the Elzevirs and Aldines and De Vinnes of the printing craft. The famous English printer, John Baskerville, has recently been made the subject of a rather

notable study from the pen of Josiah Henry Benton, LL.D., but the fact that the book is privately printed will debar it from the wider circulation it might otherwise have been expected to attain. This Birmingham writing-master and improver of the process of japaning turned his manual dexterity to good account, toward the middle of his fifth decade, in designing and cutting type, and it was only after becoming a type-founder that he devoted himself to the allied industry of printing. The story of his famous editions of Virgil and Horace and Milton and Addison, and many others, is too long to tell here even in outline; but from the concluding paragraph of Dr. Benton's book a brief passage can be given. "What is it," he asks, "that makes the life and work of this middle-aged, vain, and silly Birmingham Englishman interesting to us? Why do we collect his imprints, and why do we talk about him? I think it is because he had the true artistic vision and courage. He conceived the idea of a perfect book, such as had not been printed in England. . . . He conceived the book as an artist conceives a statue before he strikes a blow with his chisel into the marble." Baskerville made or supervised the making of everything that went into his books; he printed of course on a hand press, and there was nothing of the roar and rush of a modern printing establishment in his little office, which was but a room in his dwelling-house. Thoroughly an artist in his chosen calling, he touched nothing that he did not adorn in the field of printing and book-manufacture.

. . .

GREEDY READERS give less offence than do gluttonous eaters. Still it is an unpleasing spectacle to behold a person in a public reading-room sitting on a half-dozen of his favorite magazines and holding as many more under the periodical he happens to be reading at the time. The unpleasantness is intensified when perchance one has urgent need or compelling desire to consult one of the pre-empted publications. At one of the branches of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore the younger readers have developed a most astonishing ingenuity in hiding their favorite books for future use. From the current Report prepared by Dr. Steiner—a rather notably interesting contribution to this special department of literature—we quote an incident as related by the assistant to whose knowledge it came. "One little girl," she writes, "came to me at the close of the first day [after the opening of the branch] and very proudly told me she had put away enough good books to last her a week. I tried to explain to her why this should not be done, but she evidently did not view things

in the same light, because, when I was arranging the books the next morning, I found seven copies of our most attractive fairy tales packed very neatly behind a row of the Expositor's Bible." By what precocity of shrewdness did that child know that of all books the Bible was the least likely to be disturbed?

. . .

A WASHINGTON IRVING ANECDOTE, by no means new, but perhaps all the better for its seasoned quality, was appreciatively received the other day by the students of the Hackley School at Tarrytown, to whom Mr. George Haven Putnam, son of Irving's publisher and close friend, was relating some reminiscences of the famous author. In his infancy Irving had enjoyed the honor, or at least submitted to it, of receiving the blessing of the great man after whom he was named. "But you cannot see the place where his sacred hands touched my head," the one thus honored used to add in his later years when he recounted the incident; and the reason of this invisibility was such a puzzle to the boy Putnam that he questioned his father on the subject. The answer, if not already known, will suggest itself easily enough to anyone familiar with Irving's portrait and the artist's rather obvious indication of the distinguished author's indebtedness to his *perruquier*. This story, recalling the quasi-godfatherly relation of our first president to our first writer of more than domestic repute, prompts the renewed query why Irving should have habitually suppressed the first element of his baptismal name and not taken pride in calling himself George Washington Irving. A letter of his, written in Spain, is said to have recently come to light with this full signature appended, in proof that he had a good right thereto.

. . .

WHETTING THE READER'S APPETITE with tempting titbits from an author's works may seem inexpedient to most makers of library catalogues, who naturally account it a sufficient task to record fully and accurately a book's author, title, place of publication, and date, with any important peculiarities in its mechanical make-up. Not so, however, does the matter present itself to the compiler of the monthly book-lists in the New York Public Library's "Branch Library News," a late number of which devotes a section to "Poets of To-day" and not only names their chief works but spares sufficient space to quote, in most instances, an illustrative bit of verse from those works. Moreover, the fair page of this inviting catalogue is undeformed by any Dewey or Cutter or other cabalistic symbol denoting the book's place in the ranks of its

fellows, so that one may the more sensibly feel that one is reading, not a "finding-list," not a mere inventory of goods, but an anthology. Sixty-one contemporary poets are honored with a place in this *florilegium*. The following lines are from Mr. W. H. Davies's "Songs of Joy":

"Sing out my soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring."

FROM GOWN TO KHAKI has of late been so generally the rule at the English universities that probably not a third of the customary number of students are now in attendance at Oxford and Cambridge, and those that still pursue the pleasant paths of letters and learning at these seats of culture are said to be chiefly our own Rhodes scholars or other American students, East Indian seekers after knowledge, and invalids very manifestly incapacitated for military service. An able-bodied young Englishman would naturally shrink from showing himself in academic attire at this time; the training camp or the battle-field is, unfortunately, likely to be the scene of his activities for some months to come. Amid the general economic waste of the war must be reckoned the enforced idleness, partial or entire, not only of workshops and factories, but also of educational "plants" representing incalculable investments of money and talent and noble endeavor. With English, German, French, Belgian, Russian, Serbian, and Austrian higher institutions of learning thus reduced to more or less complete inactivity, who can any longer have a good word to say for the "educational" influence of war?

COMMUNICATIONS.

A CORRECTION—AND SOME OTHER MATTERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Perhaps I owe THE DIAL and its readers an apology for a certain annoying slip of the pen which occurred in my communication published in your issue of March 18. In that number (page 198, line 5) the word "imperative" should have given way to "imperfect." The error certainly escaped my notice until it appeared in cold print; but the reader who is sufficiently interested may make the correction in his own copy, as I have done, and may perhaps be charitable enough to ascribe it to such a pre-occupation with the poetic subject that subconsciously I could not resist the temptation to rhyme upon "narrative" the erratic "imperative."

Let me take this occasion for expressing my agreement with Mr. Ralph Bronson, in the statement contained in his communication on "War and Poetry" in the above-mentioned issue, that "the violently partisan spirit pervading most of the verse of the present war is chiefly responsible for

its failure to measure up to high poetic standards." The war verse appearing in "The Poetry Review" of London, for instance, I think is largely of this nature. Why elaborate in metre and rhyme, sometimes even in the most ambitious forms, what the large generality of history may most likely overshadow, or prove untrue, within perhaps the next generation? Poetry is the twin-Muse of history, if not her elder sister, and scarcely lends herself readily to argumentation and debate. Mr. W. N. Ewer's poem, "Five Souls," although on the whole a step in the right direction, to my mind gives forth a certain cynical breath, which in true lyric poetry is rather disturbing than agreeable, especially if such lines strike us as being inclined to preach "the essential folly of war." War is, or has so far been, a permanent and indisputable fact of life, and we have no assurance that it will not be as recurrent in the future as it has been in the past. War cannot so easily be spirited away out of human history, and for that reason has almost as much right to be considered and recognized as a fixity as has peace. Anyone convinced of this cannot in the reading of anti-bellum verse, feel the pure and unalloyed pleasure which true poetry ought always to give.

Finally, I feel constrained to take friendly exception to the attitude expressed in this sentence from your leading article, in the same issue: "The sooner we recognize that life and literature are separate businesses the sooner we shall begin to produce something worth while in the latter field." While I believe that the main principle here set forth is indisputably sound,—namely, that literature, especially "absolute poetry," "must be more or less removed from life,"—it might be well not to emphasize this axiom too strongly in that form just at the present time, when the unstable transition period through which modern poetry is passing would seem to demand that we show the close connection between the "special language, movement, ordering of words and atmosphere" of poetry. Certain influential modern poets have already been so thoroughly overwhelmed by the idea of the essential separateness between poetry and life, that they are dangerously near to "prosifying" the classic Muse of metre and rhyme. It would therefore seem to be more feasible to demonstrate, if possible, the close connection between poetry and the facts of life; between the movements of life and those of rhythm and metre; between the changing aspects of life, and the heart and the soul, and the varied order of words, of cadences, rhymes, and even speech-sounds, in true poetry, as long as the latter bears the unmistakable ear-marks of really being such. Restrained freedom is the law of beautiful living, of nature in her most pleasurable aspects, and consequently also of true poetry. True poetry is in itself a restraint on the "huge, confused, and haphazard" mass of life's facts, and the supreme task of the critic of poetry is the establishment of some standard by which the fine balance between the comparatively lawless freedom of life and its often cruel restraints might be judged with some accuracy, as well as sufficient flexibility; and not only this, but the constant advocacy of the principle, that this free-restrained, beautiful balance of life-facts be made more and more permanent, and

kept inviolable, in the preservative pages of true poetry. If our critic of the future could be great enough even to approximate such a working criterion of judgment, he might conclusively and convincingly demonstrate the intimacy between life and true poetry; then he might really weigh in this delicate balance all verse that came within his ken, and cast aside what is found wanting; and then he might be an agent in preserving the purity of true poetry unto the generations to come.

LOUIS C. MAROLF.

Wilton Junction, Iowa, April 15, 1915.

LITERARY RECIPROCITY WITH THE LATIN AMERICAS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It seems singular that we who are embarked on these two Western continents should be separated by idea-proof bulkheads. The lanes of intellectual communication all run east and west. Now that the great war, like an iron curtain dropping to cut off the conflagration on the stage from the audience in the theatre, has measurably interrupted our communications with Europe, perhaps we neighbors will begin to pay some attention to each other.

I am moved to these remarks by a communication from Señor Arturo R. de Carriarte, who has been the most persevering friend American literature has had in the countries south of us. In a review first established at Vera Cruz and continued in Cuba in the pages of the Havana "Figaro," and more lately in the "Heraldo de Cuba," he has for years reviewed and exploited American literature. He has tried to break down the prejudices, literary and political, of his countrymen and kin. He writes that it is incredible how many books and articles appear in the Latin Americas directed against the United States. All the reactionaries in religion or politics, and most of those who claim descent from Spain or Portugal, are more or less inimical to us. He thinks the present is a good time to break down this hostility and inaugurate an intellectual confederation between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races of America. I think he is right. Perhaps now that Europe is closed to our globe-trotters and sight-seers, the tide of travel may turn southward, and people of culture may satisfy themselves as to the interest of the Latin American countries and the culture, courtesy, and charm of life to be found there.

In this connection I have a suggestion to make in regard to the name of our own country. We are all Americans, North or South, as all the inhabitants of Europe are Europeans. Over there, however, they make no account of this vague geographical title, but pin all their pride and patriotism on their national names. It seems to us a case of poverty, not a cause for pride, that we have no national name. Our official appellation, "United States of North America," is formidable enough, but poetry is appalled at it and it must take up a good deal of room on a passport. Nobody could possibly use it affectionately or intimately. Why should we not take the initial letters of this title and turn it into a name—Usona. This would be brief and musical, as are most of the great geo-

graphical and national names—Asia, Africa, Italy, England, Spain, etc. And it would not be an innovation, but merely an abbreviation of the old title. We could call ourselves Usonians, which would be a mellifluous and mouth-filling appellation. The idea is a new one,—at least, I have never heard of it before; and it really seems worthy of consideration.

C. L. M.

New York City, April 20, 1915.

A QUOTATION FROM SOPHOCLES IN MEREDITH'S LETTERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a letter from Box Hill, Dorking, 1901, to Lady Ulrica Duncombe, George Meredith quotes lines 94-5 of Sophocles's "Trachiniae" (Roman letters). They read as follows ("Letters of George Meredith," Vol. II., p. 519):

"Ou arôla nûx enargoména
Tikteî kateunásoi te phlogesomenai."

They should read thus (Jebb's text):

"'on aiôla nûx enarizoména
tikteî kateunázei te phlogizômenon."

Thus it will be seen that, in Meredith's version, seven out of eight words contain errors.

These errors are due, however, not to Meredith's ignorance of Greek; for Mr. S. S. McClure says in his autobiography that Meredith recited long passages of the "Iliad" to him. They must be attributed, rather, to his obscure handwriting, of which Mr. B. W. Matz has written in "George Meredith as Publisher's Reader" ("Fortnightly Review," N. S. 86, p. 283, 1909).

The lines are translated in "The Nation's" review of the "Letters" (December 5, 1912), as follows:

"Whom spangled night, as she dies away,
Brings forth, and again lulls to sleep."

The last word of the quotation is therefore omitted, and no comment on the incorrectness of the Greek is offered. Other reviewers, as far as I can discover, take no notice of the passage.

WM. CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, Calif., April 15, 1915.

JEFFERSON'S ARCHITECTURAL WORK.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The writer, having been entrusted by the heirs of the late Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., with the publication of the architectural drawings of Thomas Jefferson collected by him, and of an accompanying essay on Jefferson's architectural work, is desirous of knowing of other drawings by Jefferson which may be in other hands, and which he might be given an opportunity to consult. He would also be glad to know of relevant letters and memoranda existing outside of the principal public repositories of Jeffersoniana, and to secure photographs of buildings, locally believed to have been designed by Jefferson, which may help to identify studies for unknown buildings existing among Jefferson's drawings.

FISKE KIMBALL.

University of Michigan, April 20, 1915.

The New Books.

OUR PAINTER OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE.*

Everything that really adds to our knowledge of American painting and our love and appreciation of it is good, and especially when it comes in such form as the essay by Mr. Kenyon Cox in a now well-known series of monographs on American painters. We have spoken of these monographs several times and of the excellence of their production, their printing, and their pictures. The earlier volumes have been on George Inness, Homer Martin, and Ralph Blakelock, and there have been additional numbers with more pictures by Inness and by Martin. It is a pity that these very useful books should be so expensive, for the knowledge of American painting should be as wide-spread as possible. But one can hardly have a quarrel with the publishers on that score, unless one should be willing to guarantee (if in thought only) the disposal of a popular edition. We should like to have the public able to have and see the material to be found in these handsome books, even in less elegant form; but it is doubtful whether the public would back that desire in any substantial way. *THE DIAL* has also in previous reviews expressed regret that these volumes should not be furnished with some matters that would be useful to the student, such as a bibliography or a list of the artist's paintings. But criticisms like these may be made (and have been) on the whole series, and need not be repeated now. The interest in the present work lies in its presentation and estimate of the work of Winslow Homer.

During the last years of his life, and since his death in 1910, Winslow Homer has constantly risen in general estimation. One of the great figures of what may be called the second period of American painting, he did not come to artistic maturity until the end of the last century. But when he did get to the power of actual self-expression, he had reached so strong and so original an artistic personality that he became almost at once a figure of the first rank. He was born in the same decade as Whistler, Homer Martin, and Wyant, and only a dozen years or so after Inness, Fuller, and Hunt. But Homer did not come to that power of expression by which he is really known until he was fifty years old. He was recognized early; he was elected to the National Academy before any of those just named, who might be considered

his contemporaries. But the work that is now deemed his best came later than the chief work of those others,—indeed after the death of several. Homer was one of an earlier generation lasting on into our own time, not with decreasing power and impaired vigor, but with a power and vigor that enabled him to do his best work. And this is certainly a noteworthy thing. In a generation of all sorts of new ideas in artistic aim and technique, the fame of so great a man as George Inness varies; people who once admired him above all will be found to be cold to his art. Homer Martin was never popular in his life-time; and if I can judge at all, he is not popular now. Hunt and Fuller are not well known by the average picture lover of to-day. But Winslow Homer, who cared nothing for popularity, and in his later years was apt to say he cared nothing even for painting, would seem to be growing in public estimation. More of his pictures are seen in the great collections; more is said and written of him. There are, for instance, eight pictures by Homer in the Metropolitan Museum of New York,—which is more than there are of any of the other artists just named, beside a dozen remarkable water-colors. I would give them all for my pick of the Innesses and the Homer Martins; but that personal view has nothing to do with the general interest that with little doubt now holds Winslow Homer to be one of the three greatest of our later American painters (not living), the other two being Whistler and Inness.

Such a position naturally offers reason for such an estimate as that of Mr. Kenyon Cox's, and for especial interest in it. How was it that this painter who did nothing so wonderful before 1885, say, should at a time when his contemporaries were beginning to cease production, be able to create work which should gain for him a greater interest than that of any of the others, and should do so at a time full of new ideas in painting, both as regards the thing painted and the way of painting it?

Mr. Cox's essay is an estimate of Homer's quality as a painter. He does not attempt a study of Homer's life, but accepts the results of the work of W. H. Downes, which appeared shortly after the death of the painter. What is of chief interest in his view, to my mind, is that we have here the view of one painter by another, put simply and in language that the ordinary person can understand. Generally when you talk with a painter about art or artists he aids his explanation by gesture or by painter's phrases, which give his criticism a character, but make it hard to understand

* *WINSLOW HOMER*. By Kenyon Cox. Illustrated. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

except by others of the craft. Here is a view of a wholly competent observer, expressed with ease and force.

Winslow Homer was a man noteworthy in his generation for the force and singleness of aim with which he went about his business. He saw much of American life; in a country town as well as in New York, in war as well as in peace, in the great woods as well as on the New England sea-shore. But he had especially, or perhaps finally, a definite perception such as no other American artist had of the greatness and beauty of the sea and of the lives lived on or near it. Other things he painted too, but this was the thing he loved and observed and studied and knew best. He was something like Millet. Mr. Cox says: "To paint a simple, every-day occurrence, a part of the routine of life, and by one's treatment of it to reveal its deeper implications and make manifest the dignity and the romance of the life of which it forms a part—that is what Millet did for the tillers of the soil and what Homer does for the fisherman and the sailor."

And with this fully American aim and interest Homer had such powers as enabled him to paint fine pictures. He was direct; careless of convention, of talk, of considerations; he wanted the real thing. Further (and here Mr. Cox's professional testimony is of great value) he was a remarkable master of observation, and saw things that no one else saw, and painted things that no one else had painted. So when he had settled with himself what he wanted,—and it took him a good while to do so,—he was apt to render it very truly, or at least with a truth that people could appreciate. Besides which he would make any effort to render what he saw and indeed was inclined to feel that his "art" consisted merely in resolutely confining his painting to what he saw. But however that was, he desired his painting to grow out of his own experience, for he studied with no one. And here we need especially what Mr. Cox can give us; for here the artist sees easily that Homer had certain artistic gifts of which personally he was inclined to make slight account, chiefly the great gift or sense of design and composition, so that he naturally painted and selected in such a way as to give the things he painted the sense of life and movement that is so remarkable in them.

Something like this is Mr. Cox's estimate of Homer, and one can see that it makes him at once an interesting man. We would not so much comment upon the judgment, as present it and call attention to it. Homer had a very interesting and even a very American subject,

and he had a certain definite and exceptional power. So now his pictures may stand clear in our mind; he is a definite personality, more so, I take it, than William M. Hunt, who was a greater influence, or than George Fuller, who to many is more delightful. Mr. Cox, in looking over his contemporaries, thinks of no personalities more striking than his, except, as we have said, Whistler and Inness. I should like to add Homer Martin, and would be content to leave the four as representative of painting in America in the generation before our own. I do not know who else ought to be mentioned; Wyant, Tryon, Vedder, Blakelock, La Farge,—we might think of one or another for a moment, but they hardly seem to me to belong with the four who have been named. Of these four, much has been written and printed on Whistler; this series of monographs has presented worthy consideration of the others. We shall watch with interest to see who will be the next selection.

It may add to the value of these considerations if I add that—perhaps owing to the lack of them—I have never been able to care much for the pictures of Winslow Homer. Perhaps if I had been better instructed, if I had had in mind the finer points of design, of composition here spoken of, I might not be so impressed as I am with some other things that I feel in Winslow Homer's pictures. A stray remark made about the "High Cliff" when the Evans Collection was exhibited some years ago, at the Union League Club I think, gives opportunity for some explanation. The critic noted "the actual quality of foamy water, the soft yielding of it, the invertebrate yet unconquerable weight that is its own." If a sea-painter could render just those things all would be impressed. But in those expressions (excepting that about the weight of the water) the critic seems to me to have picked out just the qualities that Winslow Homer's pictures do not have. His water to my eye has by no means the actual quality of foamy water, it is not soft or yielding; and if it is invertebrate, it is more like the turtle than the jelly-fish. But this feeling of mine—that Winslow Homer is singularly stiff and solid for a great painter—seems quite opposed to the general opinion, and is certainly very different from that of Mr. Cox. I shall not pretend to a finer feeling than most, and I shall certainly confess to smaller opportunities. But I cannot refrain from stating the way it appears to me. And I urge anyone who thinks I am wrong to go to the Metropolitan Museum (or any other place where there is a like opportunity; best would be the National Gallery, Washington, where is

the picture in question) and look at the sea-pictures by Homer. Then if he has ever seen the masses of the sea come thundering in upon the rocks, he can form his own opinion. Whichever way he decides, it is not probable that Winslow Homer will care much. He felt deeply the beauty and force and greatness of the sea and the shore, and he rendered it with all the power of his genius, and was content to let it go at that. I would not say a word which would prevent another seeing that great spectacle as he saw it. And Mr. Cox has said much that will help.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ELIZABETHAN TRAGIC TECHNIQUE.*

The study of dramatic technique which has become so general of late has its unfortunate side. It has been perverted. We are well enough pleased that courses of instruction should be given, and books written, to pry into the advantages and disadvantages of such matters as having the hero's cigar go out or the phial shown suggestively three times over in preparation for the drinking of the fatal potion. We realize the need of good technical workmanship and of the skilful use of theatrical devices. But playwriting has its strategy as well as its tactics. Or, to put the distinction in other words, the trivialities so often taken for the whole of technique are only a part of it; necessary of course, but subsidiary, auxiliary; not the essential stuff of which great plays are made. There is a mental as well as a mechanical aspect of drama: an artist's problem as well as a juggler's problem; a work for creative imagination as well as a work for contriving judgment. Against the notion that "technique" is drama we positively rebel. As well say that a sleight of hand mastery of alliteration, assonance, variety of pitch and pause, can produce unaided an "Eve of St. Agnes"; or that an observance of the *thou shalt's* and *thou shalt not's* of argumentation can produce a "Reply to Hayne."

At a time of so much lecturing and writing by those shrewd wits and little souls who fancy that, since the tricks of the trade are necessary to drama, drama is to be measured solely by its employment of the tricks of the trade, it is refreshing to find a painstaking study of the technique of a great period in tragedy that does not stop with external things. Dr. Fansler's study, made under the direction of Professor Thorndike, is not mindless of theatrical details; neither is it tied down by them,

like Gulliver by the cables of Lilliput. It is a record and investigation of the successive problems that confronted, not the mere craftsmen, but the artists of varying greatness, who wrought in Elizabethan days.

With fresh illustrations and orderly procedure, Dr. Fansler traces the evolution of the elements in the dramatic heritage which fell to Shakespeare. The religious drama was formless, but it had good situations; it was rich in "acted scenes presenting a not inconsiderable amount of realistic spectacle and making a strong emotional appeal." Curious parallels are shown between some of these scenes and scenes in Shakespeare. The religious drama may also in part, through the prominence it gave to the crucifixion, have caused English tragedy, in much more nearly a universal way than Greek or Latin, to associate death with the catastrophe. The Senecan drama furnished a clear dramatic motive, usually the motive of revenge. Marlowe showed the importance of the protagonist. The first distinct mark of Shakespearean technique was the development of the antagonist, who was vested with individuality and an equal importance with the protagonist in the catastrophe of "Richard III."

By far the greater portion of the book is devoted to Shakespeare himself. His technique is presented as an evolution; the tragedies are examined *seriatim* with reference to large problems of dramatic art. Thus "Julius Caesar" is treated under the caption of "The Rise and the Crisis-Emphasis, Including the Tragic Incident." This somewhat formidable title loses its terrors when we perceive certain things. Brutus, though in part sharing with Cassius, is regarded as the protagonist, and the play is held to be "the first of our extant tragedies in which we see the protagonist definitely and steadily rise to a single crisis deed, willed by him, expected by the audience, and elaborately executed in a well-organized scene or scene-group, unpreceded by violent and distracting incidents." Hence the word "Rise" in the chapter-title. The term "Crisis-Emphasis" is equally justified. "Shakespeare meant to set Antony forth as a retributive antagonist of Brutus, not a contestant from the beginning as Hereford with Richard, but as one *roused* to action by a deed. . . . 'Julius Caesar' is the first of Shakespeare's extant tragedies in which there is clear evidence of a consciousness of the crisis-emphasis as a functional point of structure."

There is the obvious risk that intentions will be detected which were never in Shakespeare's mind. Dr. Fansler obviates this in part by warning us that artistic processes are not al-

*THE EVOLUTION OF TECHNIC IN ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY. By Harriet Ely Fansler, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of the Philippines. Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co.

ways conscious. There is the possibility likewise that the validity of an idea depends upon the point of view. Thus Freytag is attacked for censuring Shakespeare because the scene is not given wherein Antony decides to return to Cleopatra. But were not two possible effects open to Shakespeare, one through a scene of decision, the other through the undivided emotion of the catastrophe; and shall we either praise or condemn absolutely, since a choice was necessary and the emphasis had to go one way or the other? Finally, there is the danger that aspects of a problem will be overlooked. "The introduction of 'Macbeth' is therefore so far better than that of 'Lear,'" says Dr. Fansler, "as it shows the protagonist before the crisis in a rise long enough to assure the spectator that the doer of the deed appreciates his own act. . . . We see Macbeth rise from thought to deed." In so far as this statement commends the introduction of "Macbeth," it will hold. But in so far as it implies that the rash act of Lear should be made deliberate, it is entirely at fault. Shakespeare here had to do with stubborn material; with an act which was indispensable if the play was to go on at all, and which yet was unbelievable. The more he could inveigle his audience into accepting it as a postulate, the more he could turn attention from its inherent improbability, the better the play would fare and the surer sympathy the old king would evoke. The introduction of "Lear" shows a dexterous lessening of insuperable difficulties.

Many objections like this might be raised, but in the majority of cases no definite conclusion can be reached; tastes and interpretations will continue to vary. Dr. Fansler's study is a helpful one. Its opinions are not always new, but they are well-considered. Here is its summary of Shakespeare's contribution:

"What, then, is a Shakespearean tragedy? Is it a story? Yes; in the sense of 'a body of facts of special significance.' All Elizabethan dramas were stories. But a Shakespearean tragedy is not primarily narrative. Its action is not narrative, and herein is Shakespeare's distinction from all predecessors. The action of a Shakespearean tragedy is the presentation through stage devices of the issuing of events out of character and the issuing of catastrophe for that character out of those events. . . . Character-action is Shakespeare's contribution to the world's dramatic literature. Character-action is Elizabethan tragic technic at its supreme evolution. In a large sense it might be said, for contrast, that Greek drama presents the struggle of man with events super-beings create; Senecan, the struggle of man with events fellow beings create; but Elizabethan, the struggle of man with events his own being creates."

GARLAND GREEVER.

AMERICAN EXPANSION IN THE FAR WEST.*

It is not an easy matter to tell the story of the annexation of Texas and the conquest of New Mexico and California with full enthusiasm and endorsement, especially when one is consciously supplementing the work of the inimitable Roosevelt. Yet both these tasks Professor McElroy has set himself in the four hundred pages of his "Winning of the Far West."

How far he has succeeded may be left to the reader. But the important events and movements which have a bearing on the far westward expansion during the period of 1829 to 1867 are interestingly dealt with. Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay are duly praised, though the two leaders were diametrically opposed to each other all their lives. That Jackson was right in counselling and even intriguing for the annexation of Texas, and that Clay was also right in opposing and intriguing against the same movement, Professor McElroy does not attempt to prove; though some readers might think he had actually done this. Sam Houston is another "hero" depicted as doing pioneer service in the great cause of American expansion—as if the expansion of the United States were the most natural and righteous things in the world. There is a bit of chauvinism that reminds one of French-German phraseology in the terms "crowning glory" (p. 292) and "glorious conquest" (p. 297) with which the author describes the movements of the American "army of invasion," as though the very term invasion were not suggestive of a wide departure from the national professions.

Still one may not cavil at an author for doing what everyone regards as lawful and proper: writing anew an oft-told tale; and in general these chapters present in good form and brief space what one finds more elaborately in H. H. Bancroft's books, or more scientifically (if one may use an awkward term) in Professor Garrison's volume in the "American Nation Series." Professor McElroy does not attempt to be exhaustive or final, and hence one must not apply the standards which might be applied to more ambitious writers. His aim is to re-present the subject, and to add to the national interest in and admiration for the leaders who brought such princely domains under the ample folds of the American flag. Of penetrating analysis or keen criticism of the materials used there is little; nor is there anything "new."

* THE WINNING OF THE FAR WEST. By Robert McNutt McElroy, Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An opportunity for adding something to the store of our present knowledge of the far westward movement was offered in the unrecognized leadership of Robert Walker, and in the amazing intrigues of the American diplomats in Mexico during the period just preceding the great war between the States. And there were certain features of the Mexican War which a more ambitious hand might have essayed to describe, though the author's story of Nicholas Trist and General Scott is interesting and trustworthy.

The following exchange of compliments between General Scott and Nicholas Trist, the envoy of the Government, makes amusing reading now, though it must have been exasperating indeed to the President, who would not punish either party. Scott: "I see that the Secretary of War proposes to degrade me, by requiring that I, commander of this army, shall defer to you, the chief clerk of the Department of State, the question of continuing or discontinuing hostilities." Trist: "You will now, Sir, I trust, understand that greatly deficient in wisdom as the present (and indeed any democratic) administration of the government must necessarily be, it has not fallen into so egregious a blunder as to make the transmission and delivery of that communication [a message to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs] dependent upon the amiable affability and gracious condescension of General Winfield Scott." Few presidents of the United States ever contended with so many recalcitrant or unruly spirits as did James K. Polk. One recalls Scott, who openly snubbed the chief executive more than once; Senator Benton, who demanded of him almost impossible things; and Commodore Stockton, who declared in public addresses that nothing less than the annexation of all Mexico would satisfy any sensible man. Polk could not remove Scott, lest Benton, a civilian without military experience, should force his own nomination to the vacancy; nor could he punish naval and army officers who clamored in public addresses for governmental action wholly inconsistent with the President's policy. Really we have fallen upon better times.

A most interesting subject is this of the winning of the far west; but only a philosopher or an historian without national or sectional bias could possibly treat it aright. Think of Colonel Roosevelt describing the fall of the Alamo or the storming of Chapultepec, the "imbecility of Polk," or the "asinine stupidity" of those who defeated the plan for United States control of the Panama canal zone in 1846! Of course, Professor McElroy does not attempt the finality of Roosevelt, and conse-

quently he leaves the reader in doubt now and then as to whether it was "manifest destiny" or something worse that dictated the course of our national evolution. To say that the story of the period still remains to be told is not to say that this book is a bad one; on the contrary, it is a handy and a reasonably accurate work.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

AMERICA AND THE GREAT WAR.*

As the stream of books pertaining to the war flows from the presses of Europe and America it brings at intervals a volume which by reason of the vigor of its thought and the force of its language stands some chance of retaining a place in the literature of the subject a decade hence. Unquestionably, one such book is Mr. Roosevelt's "America and the World War." Not that what the ex-President has written will commend itself to all classes of people. The "peace prattlers," as the pacifists are contemptuously denominated, will find small comfort in it; and the defenders of the foreign policy of the Wilson Administration will not enjoy the flaying which is administered to them. The book may be admitted at once to be partisan in tone and at some points distinctly unfair. Nevertheless, as a straight-from-the-shoulder exposition of the elements of strength and weakness in the present position of the United States, by a writer whose opportunities to acquire knowledge of the subject have been unsurpassed, Mr. Roosevelt's volume must be regarded as one which challenges the attention of every serious-minded citizen. It is a book which, at the least, should be provocative of thought and of discussion. The course of the author's argument can be indicated in a few words. The United States should be equally friendly to all European peoples "while they behave well," and should be considerate of the rights of each of them. Peace is ardently to be desired, but only as the handmaid of righteousness. The peace congresses, and the other activities of the

*AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRESENT MILITARY SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Francis V. Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ARE WE READY? By Howard D. Wheeler. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PAN-AMERICANISM. A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash between the United States and Europe's Victor. By Roland G. Usher. New York: The Century Co.

THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ONE AMERICAN'S OPINION OF THE EUROPEAN WAR. An Answer to Germany's Appeals. By Frederick W. Whitridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CAN GERMANY WIN? The Resources and Aspirations of Its People. By an American. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PEACE AND AMERICA. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WORLD WAR. How It Looks to the Nations Involved and What It Means to Us. By Elbert F. Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"ultra-pacivists" during a generation past, have amounted to "precisely and exactly nothing in advancing the cause of peace." All-inclusive arbitration treaties of the kind hitherto proposed and enacted are utterly worthless, are hostile to righteousness and detrimental to peace. "From the international standpoint the essential thing to do is effectively to put the combined power of civilization back of the collective purpose of civilization to secure justice. This can be achieved only by a world league for the peace of righteousness, which would guarantee to enforce by the combined strength of all the nations the decrees of a competent and impartial court against any recalcitrant and offending nation. Only in this way will treaties become serious documents." Such a world league for peace is not now in prospect. Until it can be brought about, the prime necessity for every free and liberty-loving nation is to keep itself in a state of preparedness such as to be able to defend by its own strength both its honor and its vital interest. "The most important lesson for the United States to learn from the present war is the vital need that it shall at once take steps thus to prepare." The preparation which the author advocates includes the immediate strengthening of the navy, the enlargement of the regular army and the establishment of a reserve, and the inauguration of a certain amount of military training for all the young men of the country, after the manner practiced in Switzerland.

A more temperate plea on the same lines is contained in General Greene's "Present Military Situation in the United States." This little book consists principally of an address delivered some months ago in Portland, Maine, at the request of the Economic Club of that city. In it the author recognizes that the habitual indisposition of the American people to think seriously upon the question of national defense has been both natural and inevitable. The chances of war have ever been, as they have been deemed, remote, and social and economic problems without number have usually seemed much more pressing. Within the past months, however, as was true in 1898, our people have had their eyes opened to the fact, not only that war is not obsolete, but that the United States may well be less immune from its ravages than had been supposed. General Greene asks simply that the occasion be taken advantage of to reckon up the facts of the existing situation and to derive any lessons that may be contained in them. "There is no need," he says, "of excitement about it, no cause for hysteria. We do not need and will not have in this country an army of 700,000

men, as some ill-balanced enthusiasts demand; we are not compelled to, and we will not, enter the battleship race of England and Germany. England must run this race—or die. We are not so situated, and it would be supreme folly for us to waste our resources or our thoughts in any such contest." It is the judgment of the author that, notwithstanding the happenings of recent months, and barring a clash with Mexico, which would amount to little more than the exercise of police duty by our present forces, the possibility of a war in which the United States should be engaged is still remote. From Japan there is, he believes, very little danger; at any rate, if war with that country comes, it will be "made in America." Still, there is a possibility of a Japanese clash, even as there is an insignificant chance of a conflict with one or both of the other two nations "whose attack would be serious"—Germany and Great Britain. Arbitration has been proved to be not a cure-all. And, despite present appearances, we must yet believe that military preparedness, up to a certain point, does in the long run operate to prevent war. The conclusion at which the author arrives is that Congress, supported by the sentiment of the country, should accede to the requests contained in the last annual report of Secretary Garrison by increasing the mobile forces to 50,000 men and by taking the first steps toward the creation of a reserve. To any person desiring a temperate and well-informed presentation of our actual military status, such as can be read and pondered over at a sitting, this book can be commended.

A volume traversing similar ground, but in a sketchy and somewhat frivolous manner, is Mr. Howard D. Wheeler's "Are We Ready?" The contents may have served some purpose when printed as a series of articles in "Harper's Weekly," but they were hardly worth reproducing in book form. If one cares for an imaginative record of an attack on New York by "the enemy," lent vividness by a lurid picture of Madison Square "after an aerial raid," one will find it here.

The writers of the volumes thus far mentioned agree that at some time, and from some source, the United States may be involved in a great war. Professor Usher assumes more confidently the rôle of the prophet and boldly gives his newest book the sub-title, "A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash between the United States and Europe's Victor." The United States, he tells us, is now facing a crisis without parallel in her history since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It is not the causes of the European war that concern us. It is the ending of it; for, "whatever the

result of this war may be, whoever wins it, whenever it ends, the victor will be able to threaten the United States, and, if he chooses, to challenge our supremacy in the Western Hemisphere." The decision which the United States makes in relation to the questions thus suddenly thrust upon her is to be big with consequences. These questions, we are told, cannot be evaded. There was a time when the country was defended by its isolation rather than by armies, and when we had little or no motive for interfering in international politics. That day is past. Distance has been annihilated, and with the extension of our economic interests so that they cover the entire world the pursuit of firm and even aggressive policies has become a possibility, if not a necessity. The United States has been drawn into the broad current of international affairs, and cannot expect longer to enjoy the advantages of aloofness. The great bone of contention is to be Latin America. Of the two powers which alone, so far as America is concerned, can be victors in the war, Great Britain and Germany, both are known to be desirous of monopolizing Latin American trade; and both, in the event of triumph in the present conflict, may be expected to be greedy for political dominion south of Panama. With the victor the United States will inevitably be brought into conflict, and if there shall not be war there will be, at the least, grave danger of it. To have war it will not be necessary for the United States to become an aggressor; she will need only to seek to maintain her present policy of trade extension and political hegemony. The question of what, precisely, the United States should do in the emergency that now confronts her is propounded forcefully and discussed at much length but not fully answered. At least, it is answered negatively. We are told that "we need not conclude of necessity that armament is our true recourse"; although the whole drift of the author's argument leads to the conclusion that the defense of the nation's economic interests means a readiness to use force, and force means armament. Another suggested course is the organizing of a close Pan-American Confederation to protect the Western Hemisphere against Europe's aggressor; yet in a succession of chapters which form the most carefully considered portion of the book there is demonstrated in convincing manner (if it required demonstration) the fact that differences of race, manners, and temperament are so fundamental as to preclude entirely the practicability of this plan. Of criticisms which suggest themselves to the reader, the most important relates to Professor Usher's propensity for strong, and

even startling, statements. It is true that assertions hardly less startling made in an earlier book have been verified beyond all reasonable expectation by the recent course of events; also that in an appendix to the present work Mr. Usher acknowledges freely the necessary tentativeness of much of that which is said in the discussion of contemporary affairs. Nevertheless, in many portions of the text the fault of incautious statement appears. Issue may be taken with many specific assertions made. In respect to the methods by which her territorial dominion has been built up, the United States is given a bill which is too clean to be true. And in relation to the major premise of the book one may query whether, after all, the war is likely to "destroy that close balance of power in Europe upon which our past immunity from European interference has in large measure rested"; in other words, whether there will arise from the conflict any one "victor" so supremely triumphant as to be disposed to cast about at once, or soon, for a fresh field of conquest. There would seem to be a considerable chance that the ultimate outcome of the war will be so inconclusive that the American situation will not be greatly affected by it.

Among books written by Americans upon the war in its more purely European aspects, one of rather unique character is Mr. James M. Beck's "The Evidence in the Case." Mr. Beck is a lawyer, and he was a short while ago Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. In the present book he has brought to bear his legal temperament and talent upon the much discussed question of the moral responsibility for the war. He enumerates his roster of witnesses—the sovereigns, diplomatic representatives, ministers, and other official spokesmen of the various belligerent nations. He then presents the record in the case,—that is, the White Books, Yellow Books, Gray Books, etc., and takes some account of the question of suppressed evidence. Finally, he examines critically the evidence and arrives at conclusions concerning all of the important episodes and interchanges of the weeks in which the war was started. The judgment rendered is wholly adverse to Germany and Austria, and doubtless by the partisans of those powers it will be pronounced unsupported and unjustifiable. It may be agreed that it bears an appearance of conclusiveness which neither Mr. Beck nor any other man can really attain at the present juncture. Years, and probably decades, will elapse before all the evidence will be available and before the "supreme court of civilization" will render its final verdict upon the issues involved.

There have been published several other American books less judicial in tone and similarly anti-German. One is Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge's "One American's Opinion of the European War," which is taken up chiefly with an explanation of the failure of the German appeals for American sympathy. Another is the anonymous volume, "Can Germany Win?" The author of it, we are told, is an American citizen who has "constantly been back and forth to Germany since the beginning of the war." The answer given to the question raised in the title is that, while Germany *can* win, and while she has unsuspected strength, the Allies also can win, provided England shall nerve herself to bear the brunt of the struggle. The author predicts that the war will be prolonged—that before it ends "there will have to be put in the field armies which are as yet unrecreated and guns the designs for which have not yet been made."

In his book entitled "The War and America," published last autumn, Professor Münsterberg gave expression to his well-known views concerning the righteousness of the cause of his native land in the conflict now in progress. In a volume just off the press, "The Peace and America," he returns to the subject and renews his plea for a change of attitude on the part of Americans toward German statecraft, and especially toward the German Emperor. Intention or desire to be scholarly is specifically disclaimed, and only a purpose to be sincere is affirmed. Of sincerity the book bears satisfactory evidence. But the fact remains that it is simply a piece of special pleading, and that it can hardly be expected to change the opinions of any thinking person. It exhibits an irrepressible tendency to glorify Germany and everything German; while non-German nations and peoples come off with mention only of their shortcomings. Such writing can have little interest save as a demonstration of how unscientific a scientific man, upon occasion, can be; and demonstrations of this sort of thing have grown so numerous within the past six months that they may be supposed to have lost their power to cause surprise or comment.

Finally may be mentioned a book of very different character, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin's "The World War." Mr. Baldwin was in Europe at the outbreak of the war, and his book comprises virtually a record of the occurrences that came under his observation as he moved from place to place, first on the Continent and later in England. Many chapters of the volume were published in "The Outlook" shortly after the events which they recount took place. To one who desires a light sketch, in diary

form, of the earlier stages of the conflict, the book may be commended. It comprises, not at all a history, but an interesting record of the impressions which Europe assembling in arms made upon a well-informed and conscientious American observer.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

SOME VARIED CONTRIBUTIONS TO PSYCHOLOGY.*

The accumulations upon a reviewer's table, with their chance conjunctions and oppositions, may at a favorable moment reflect the active trends and movements in the selected sphere of knowledge, and in so far be prophetic of its future development. In psychology, the salient impression is one of diversity—a symptom of fertility. The psychological spirit is permeating inquiry in domains outside the psychological territory, and is assuming new forms within it. In the technical field, more critically conducted, more elaborately equipped, and more ambitiously conceived projects are under way. Applications to education and to vocational pursuits are prominent, while the amplification of the first aids and the more advanced guides to the psychologically inquisitive proceeds with the multiplication of chairs and students.

The most notable recent contribution is Mr. Shand's book, "The Foundations of Character: A Study of the Tendencies of the Emotions and the Sentiments." Those familiar with this writer's able papers in the English philosophical journals will realize the value of the systematic statement of his illuminating conceptions. The position implied by several psychologists, and nearly articulate in James, was first distinctly enunciated by Mr. Shand and disseminated by its incorporation into Mr. MacDougall's "Social Psychology." The principle is that the emotions and the instincts of response form a mutually illuminating and unitary system of expression and direction.

- * THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHARACTER: A Study of the Tendencies of the Emotions and the Sentiments. By Alexander F. Shand. New York: The Macmillan Co.
 BEHAVIOR. An Introduction to Comparative Psychology. By John B. Watson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
 PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. By Sigmund Freud, LL.D.; translated from the German, with Introduction, by A. A. Brill, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.
 FEEBLE-MINDEDNESS. Its Causes and Consequences. By Henry Herbert Goddard, Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.
 SCHOOL TRAINING OF DEFECTIVE CHILDREN. By Henry H. Goddard. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Co.
 THE MENTAL HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD. By J. E. Wallace Wallin, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press.
 RELIGIOUS CONFESSIONS AND CONFESSANTS. With a Chapter on the History of Introspection. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
 THE GREAT SOCIETY. A Psychological Analysis. By Graham Wallis. New York: The Macmillan Co.
 PSYCHOLOGY, General and Applied. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
 INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY. By R. M. Ogden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Fear is emotionally the flight (or other protective) response instinctively; anger emotionally is in terms of impulse a harder and more determined assault. With this clue the emotional nature finds its map in the organized impulses. But the boundaries, though largely natural features, are promptly rearranged by the acquired affiliations of the psychological realm. The wealth of impulses is their embarrassment and their redemption. Fusion and competitions enter with increasing levels of complication. Most distinctively the emotions are played upon by intellectual elements and the products of their elaboration. Emotions thus mature as sentiments, and in that expansion find an outlet and the direction of their growth. Here and here alone, as the foundation of the psychical life, is established also the foundation of character,—its only authentic psychological basis. Character is the total aspect of the organization of the endowment, and its focus is in the emotional life. A central point in the elaboration of this position is the clustering tendency of emotions and impulses,—the manifold outlets and interactions of psychic trends. Such organization produces the *system* of the emotions and the system of the sentiments. Emotions are primary as they stand close to the definite regulation of vital responses or participate in their regulation, while about this original centre develop the supporting trends in ever-enlarging spheres of influence. In the secondary field lie the niceties of psychological issues and the actual arena of human qualities. With this admirable programme, Mr. Shand has formulated a strong statement. Yet the source of its strength is also in a measure a hindrance, in that the fertility of the theme has produced an expansion of the material quite legitimate and interesting but confusing. The book is really three in one: a statement of the psychological development of character and its central emotional basis; a descriptive and analytical account of the varieties of emotional functioning; and a diagnostic elaboration of the finer "aesthetic" responsiveness of the sophisticated, particularly the moral agent. Each of these interests is well sustained, yet the singleness of purpose suffers. Keen diagnosis and suggestive distinctions abound, and illustrations that really illustrate support an argument that is always adroitly handled. Yet so many principles are formulated, so many excursions (some of them discursive: hence a volume of five hundred pages) are undertaken that the trail is readily lost unless the reader is as keen in following as the writer in leading. The value of the volume lies in its psychological contribution to the analysis of the emotional life — as a support of

character — on the basis of an illuminating, clear, and definite analysis. Its place in the standard literature of psychology is assured.

Professor Watson's volume sounds the "Behaviorist" note as a challenge to the conservative psychologist. It also presents the results of careful research on animal responses, and a review of the present status of comparative psychology. To the behaviorist, the stone which the builders rejected has indeed become the corner-stone of the temple. If psychology will realize that consciousness is as dispensable as the soul, and if psychologists will experiment upon men as the behaviorists do upon animals, some practical results will be available and the lessons of psychology be respected. In the experimental field the series of researches reviewed, digested, and interpreted show more convincingly than has yet been done how rigid must be the conditions upon which sound conclusions may be drawn, especially when the object is to determine not alone how animals behave but upon what orders and varieties of distinctions their distinctive behavior is founded. The technique involved in determining the color-perceptions of animals, and in registering the manner of their learning their way through a maze, is an admirable example of the logical rigor of modern psychology. Professor Watson is an equally trustworthy guide in interpretation. His account of the highest forms of training yet reached in the animal mind is highly to be commended. It includes consideration of the marvellous horses whose performances are recorded in weighty volumes, the trained dogs that find equally enthusiastic champions, and the engaging chimpanzee whose anthropoid manners are quite deceptive. Yet all these stories carry a wholly different flavor and bearing when analyzed by the critical psychologist than when told by the proud trainer. The source of the satisfaction in believing that one's own dog or horse or chimpanzee can do what no other horse or dog or chimpanzee can do, is itself a psychological trait worthy of explanation. If one contrasts this masterly study of Professor Watson's with such books — equally representative in their day — as those of Romanes, one appreciates the important advances which this phase of the study of mind (or, to satisfy the behaviorists, conduct) has made in recent years.

No more striking contrast to the direct objectivism of the behaviorists could be found than the involved subjectivism of the Freudian tendency in psychology. Dr. Freud's thesis has become a common topic of informal as well as informed conversation, while the practice of psycho-analysis caters to the interests of those

fond of viewing personal details in an engaging light. The thesis holds that trifles are significant because uncensored, and that the mind is a maze of suppressed and distorted motives; that lapses are not accidents but repressions, usually with a sex clue; that disagreeable things are put out of the mind to hide the trace of our guilt, though it will out when the psycho-analyst gets you. Dr. Freud's "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" is now accessible in a good translation made by Dr. A. A. Brill of New York, a prominent representative of the Freudian practitioners. The volume carries the thesis to such common incidents as forgetting a name, a foreign word, an impression; as mis-speaking and mis-writing; as doing things unintentionally, or other types of lapses, faults, and habits. In all these there is method in one's momentary madness, the secret of which lies in the unconscious and unsuspected if not disowned past, which is retired in the interests of the present. The thesis is attractive, though the details are often tedious; some parts of the book read like the inflated notes of an ingenious mind. But is this the true picture of the normal course of the mind's daily habit; and are we deceivers ever, for lack of better subjects deceiving ourselves? Doubtless privacy is essential to psychological complexity, and reticence grows even to an obsession in an ingrown mind. But to banish the casual from psychology is to deny it small talk and vacations, and to make recreation a misnomer. A jest, it is true, often masks a deeper purpose; and yet the spirit of it is for the most part just fun. If sleep were always a sojourn in a chamber of Freudian dreams, it might be more restful to remain awake; while with the best of intentions and an adequate psychological insight many a psychologist can find in his own errors and slips and *gaucheries* nothing but stupidity, defective observation, brain wandering, and the idleness of fancies. That a slight tinge of abnormality may readily give the mind a Freudian twist, or that an intellectual over-introspectiveness not quite adequately supported by critical control may do the same, is a plausible view. But that such an occasional interlude dominates or does anything but intrude seems questionable. To certain temperaments, between the dark and the daylight of health or mood there comes a lull in the mind's occupation that is known as the Freudian hour.

As painstaking as the studies of animal behavior are the records of the feeble-minded contained in Dr. Henry H. Goddard's authoritative volume. The conspicuous lesson of the three hundred and more cases of mental defect here recorded is the inevitably hereditary char-

acter of the taint, and to a remarkable degree (considering the complexity of the data) their conformity to the requirements of Mendelian heredity. The defect is of many degrees, and is best expressed by the *mental age* as revealed by special tests and general conduct. The idiot has the mentality of a three-year old or even of a less mature child; imbecility carries on the development to six or seven years; while the lighter grades of defect and the moron show an irregular capacity comparable in many respects to that of a normal child of nine, ten, or eleven years. Here development stops, though physical growth (itself at times stunted) continues. Some cases deceive even the expert teacher, and encourage him to look for a nearly normal issue, when progress sets in; but there is always disappointment in the end. The story stops and the limitations of heredity are final. The moral of the silk purse and the sow's ear remains. This lesson is an unwelcome one to an optimistic democracy, to which opportunity is a solvent or a magic potion, and native ability a disturbing intrusion into a well-ordered society of unobtrusive equals. The lesson may be extended: for it implies that for every score of high-grade defectives, there must be hundreds of just higher endowment who form the great armies of the dull and dense to whom the work of the world must be adjusted. It is the poor in intelligence that we shall always have with us. The problem of incompetence is scarcely as serious to the social philanthropist as the problem of crime, so much of which is due to mental defect. A high-grade defective leads a safe life in the sheltered environment of the Vineland School; the environment of a city dooms him utterly; and society pays the bill in the cost of crime and institutional care. In this field the eugenic argument is convincing; if we cannot as yet secure the best parentage, we can cut off the worst. Dr. Goddard's tables are illuminating, as are in general his interpretations of the several conditions which aggravate the menace of mental defect. The modern note dominates the volume, giving it the flavor of a laboratory study, a case record, or a field report.

Dr. Goddard has also reported upon the provisions for "The School Training of Defective Children," and the means to be taken for their recognition and special consideration in the public schools. Dr. Wallace Wallin's volume on "The Mental Health of the School Child" contains a series of careful studies (reprinted from the technical magazines) dealing with special aspects of the educational and the psychological questions that arise in the care and study of the mentally defective. Special at-

tention is directed to the hereditary aspects of the problems (eugenics), and to the corrective measures (euthenics), that promise the relief of these unfortunate conditions inherent in the distribution of human quality.

The very title of Mrs. Burr's book, "Religious Confessions and Confessants," seems a refutation of the Freudian principles of suppression, yet it is actually its complement. For the relief which the psycho-analyst releases is by way of confession,—by way of a verbal explicitness which, like the flow of tears, finds a vent for pent-up tension. Nature and religion are sympathetic psychologists. Mrs. Burr's essay is an able venture in a difficult field. It requires a comprehensive historical grasp of the moving centuries and the setting which they give to the documents in the case, and a psychological grasp of the underlying affinities of expression and mood, despite the local color and the imposed limitations of their origin. The result is a contribution of sterling value. The written confession is a phase of the autobiographical intention (the subject of an earlier volume by Mrs. Burr) which, if carried out with Dantesque singleness of purpose, would approach the inviolable sanctity of the psycho-analytic moment. The tenuous duplicity is involved in the intention to be read,—in the extreme reaching Heine's satirical view of feminine writers who are described as having one eye on the manuscript and the other on a man. The religious confessant has least temptation to be a *poseur*; for despite the protean type, he or she has the courage of self-knowledge that divides between the lure of introspection and the shriving self-communion. The most naïve or candid or healthy-minded (as James would say) of the confessants are the Gurneys (one of the many Quaker records which Mrs. Burr has incorporated in her researches), for whom meditating and journalizing were the family dogmas; the young ladies of the family intermingle reflection upon God and a future state with attention to very worldly and innocent pleasures. The central portion of the volume is inductive, and presents an array of data the interpretation of which, despite the contrasting setting of time and place and religious affiliation, results in an orderly set of conclusions. The correlation of feeble health with introspective intensity is clear, as is also the special relation of periods of decline in physical vigor with moments of conversion. The encouragement of the environment, the strong hereditary trend, the precipitation of the crisis by gripping experiences, the vestigial character of the manifestations, the influence of the group contagion,—all these play a part in the genesis of the varieties of

religious experience of which the confessions are an expression. The trends that lead to mysticism, to introspective indulgence, to an ascetic self-castigation, as well as those illustrating the abnormal hazards of the mind (such as the witchcraft confessions and accusations), further extend the scope of the inquiry. By a discerning combination of the inductive method—so variously fruitful in modern psychology—with a sympathetic insight into the significance of very complex phases of the inner life conferred by a well-trained historical sense, Mrs. Burr has made a valuable contribution to the psychology of the religious life.

The strong if not dominant sociological trend in recent psychology is well represented by Mr. Graham Wallas's "The Great Society," which he properly terms "A Psychological Analysis." The "great society" is the result of the radical reconstruction of the forces of social control brought about by the extension of mechanical aids and economic development and the insight into the forces responsible for human progress. Conscious evolution has replaced subconscious strivings and groping subjection to forces beyond control because beyond the ken of attained comprehension. What remains permanent is the dominance of the fundamental psychological trends which have brought mankind slowly to the present stage. Habit, fear, pleasure and pain, the social impulses leading to love and hatred, and the trend of thought intertwining weakly among them and in later stages supporting the total growth,—these were and are the actual forces competing in society for expression and organization. As one or another of these original trends is made central, there arise "habit" societies and a "habit" psychology among the students of human affairs; similarly a "fear" society and a "fear" psychology; a "sympathy" society and a "sympathy" psychology; a "thought" society and a "thought" psychology. Mr. Wallas's volume is a popular one, and the theme is reduced to the sharp contrasts alone possible when a coarse brush is used. The effect is impressionistic but strong. It is significant that a student of society finds it essential to present his views on the basis of a careful psychological analysis of the motive sources of human conduct; though it must be admitted that his strong interest in social trends of the day make his transitions from principle to conclusion somewhat violent or detached. We all look upon the tendencies operative here and now through the powerful microscope of practical interest; the corrective of the large evolutionary distance is indispensable. Mr. Wallas's practical motive is to influence opinion in the

organization of thought and will. The sociologist often runs away with the psychologist. It is important that a book of this type shall be available, because so many persons are busy with one or another aspect of the problem of social control, and these require a presentation suitable to their needs and habits of comprehension. In the psychological view, the European catastrophe (which, by the way, is foreshadowed by Mr. Wallas with a startling prophetic insight) is far less a battle of armaments than a contest of ideals. The decision at stake is the perspective of importance to be assigned to the directive trends of human nature in the socially matured system under which life must proceed.

For the making of texts in psychology, classes and publishers are largely responsible, — unless the inadequacy of professors' salary is the efficient cause. Such texts must usually be reviewed from the pedagogical aspect: Will the student mind accept them and profit by their use? It is safe to predict that whatever Professor Münsterberg writes will reflect the fertility of his versatile endowment and the comprehensiveness of his command of the subject. To the teacher of psychology his latest text-book will be distinctly helpful. It is a well-sustained presentation, and differs from many texts in its inclusion of applied psychology in a readable survey of education, law, medicine, industry, and culture, as they embody psychological principles and their workings. What is ordinarily incidentally noted in connection with analysis is here brought to a systematic presentation. As for the adaptability of the text to the student, one man's view or guess is doubtless no better than another's. It seems to the present reviewer that the student's reaction to this type of text will be either neutral or belligerent. It seems peculiarly neglectful of the psychology of the student's mind; and it errs in one essential respect — an error almost scholastic in its temper: namely, the insistence upon "methodology." The division of "causal psychology" and "purposive psychology," the contrast of "the two psychologies," is the very basis of the book. This is precisely what the student should *not* be troubled with; it is the teacher's business to conceal the fact that he is troubled by it himself. It is in despite of the plan of the volume, rather than by virtue of it, that the result is valuable.

Professor Ogden writes his "Introduction to General Psychology" with the literal purpose of surveying the essentials of the field in the briefest possible compass. This involves a summary manner throughout, even to the suggestion of the replacement of the notes which a

brilliant student might adapt to his own purposes. With the purpose so definitely conceived, and the position (approximately that of the Würzburg movement in psychology) equally pronounced, the execution follows the perspective of importance which the several topics are assigned in the instructor's mind. The divisions are clear: an analytical review; a synthetic construction; an applicational survey. All this has been done with skill, patience, discretion.

A survey, like the present review, which includes in one sheaf the psychology of character, of obscure moments in every-day life, of religious experience in autobiographical data, of the defective classes, of the social movements of the day and generation, is sufficient to indicate the perplexities of the writer of texts who wishes to present the established doctrines and to reflect the current trends of interest.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Harrison has scored again with "Angela's Business," although not quite as effectively as with its two predecessors. The hero lives in some idyllic town where it is possible for him to earn, as a private tutor, not merely a living, but the means of providing for a luxurious apartment, and the services of a private secretary. He is also by way of being a writer of novels and short stories, but as these effusions are almost invariably returned to him with complimentary regrets by unappreciative editors and publishers, they do not contribute materially to the elucidation of the economic mystery of his existence. The chief subject of his researches as a fictionist is Woman, which he thinks he understands in all its manifestations, and he jots down felicitous epigrams about it as they occur to him. He eventually discovers that his psychology has been superficial, and that intimate emotional relations with individual specimens of the sex must enter into a novelist's equipment before he is really qualified to write about it. His chief personal contacts are with the two specimens Angela and Mary. The latter is a somewhat strenuous creature of the type commonly known as "advanced," a teacher in the local high school, whose chief ambition is to secure the secretaryship of a national educational organization. She is not presented in a very alluring light, whereas Angela is charmingly

* ANGELA'S BUSINESS. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
 RUGGLES OF RED GAP. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
 WHO GOES THERE! By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
 LITTLE COMRADE. A Tale of the Great War. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

feminine and appealing. Her "business," unblushingly avowed, is that of being a "home-maker," which means that she is primarily bent upon ensnaring a suitable male with whose aid to construct the home of her imaginings. It looks as if the hero were destined to become her prey, but Mary is the one who finally carries him off, a success to which we are not altogether reconciled. The author brings this about by a series of deft moves whereby Mary grows upon us and Angela grows away from us, the former developing hitherto unsuspected qualities of womanliness, while the latter is revealed as the embodiment of selfish calculation and insincerity. She does not exactly appear in the character of a minx or a cat, but her development is obviously tending in that direction at the time when the hero discovers that Mary is the realization of his ideals, and informs her of the conclusion that he has reached. The manner in which this story is related is sparkling and whimsical; it is far from being a remarkable novel in any serious sense, but it is undeniably an entertaining one.

"Ruggles of Red Gap," by Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, is the story of an English valet transplanted to the wilds of western America. His master, the Honorable George (surname undicated), enticed into a game of "drawing poker" by some Americans visiting in London, stakes Ruggles and loses him, which means that the valet must depart with his new master for Red Gap, which seems to be a metropolis situated among the Rocky Mountains. The saying that men change their skies but not their souls is measurably illustrated by Ruggles's career in his new surroundings, but he finds himself, despite his efforts to keep his place, elevated by circumstance into a social position of some consequence in Red Gap, and when we take leave of him, he is by way of developing into a passable imitation of an American citizen. His experiences are surprising, and often farcical, but he remains unperturbed by a rise in the world of which he could not have dreamed in the early days before he became the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Red Gap society. The story abounds in a species of humor of which the following is a typical specimen:

"I gathered at once that the Americans have actually named one of our colonies 'Washington' after the rebel George Washington, though one would have thought that the indecency of this would have been only too apparent. But, then, I recalled as well the city where their so-called parliament assembles, Washington, D. C. Doubtless the initials indicate that it was named in 'honour' of another member of this notorious family. I could not but reflect how shocked our King would be to learn of this effrontery."

A little of this sort of thing goes a long way, and such humor rather palls when supplied in the generous measure with which Mr. Wilson bestows it upon us.

It will be a long time before we get the real fiction of the great war—such work, for example, as "Richard Dehan" and Mr. Frederick Palmer have it in them to write. Meanwhile, those among our novelists whose aim is primarily entertainment are rapidly seizing the new opportunity, and giving us episodic tales of essentially private and sentimental interest, having the war as a decorative background. Such stories are the "Who Goes There!" of Mr. Chambers and the "Little Comrade" of Mr. Stevenson. The former is the more serious and full-bodied of the two, but we expect something much better of the writer to whom we owe the series based upon the Franco-Prussian War and the American Revolution. Mr. Chambers puts his historical judgments of the war into three prefatory pages of prose and verse, leaving them otherwise to be inferred from the action of the romance that follows. His verse yields such a picture as this of martyred Belgium:

"Withered the magic gardens which were mine;
Eden, in embers, blackens in the sun;
Rooting amid crushed roses the Wild Swine
Still root, and spare not one."

In his prose he gives a succinct statement of the reasons why America can have no sympathy for the German cause, concluding with these words: "We know that the cause of Imperial Germany is wrong; her civilization is founded on propositions impossible for any American to accept; her aims, ambitions, and ideals are antagonistic to the progress of communal and individual liberty as we understand the terms. And that settles the matter for us." The hero of "Who Goes There!" is an American of Belgian descent, who is about to take his place in the Belgian army when the country of his ancestry is violated by the barbarian. Taken prisoner by General Baron von Reiter, he is reprieved on the condition that he will go to England and rescue the General's ward, and escort her to his Luxembourg estate. Failing this, he promises, like Regulus, to come back and be shot. He finds the young woman, and sets out with her for the Continent. But she is already under suspicion of being a German spy, and has, in fact, certain important papers revealing the whereabouts of the English fleet and other matters. Every step of the journey is dogged, and there are many exciting escapes from arrest. As for the compromising papers, the hero gains possession of them, and thus prevents them from falling into the hands of the enemy. The General, who has hoped to

wed the young woman, finds, when they meet, that the American has stolen her heart, and, in a hand-to-hand encounter, is badly wounded. Thereupon, with incredible magnanimity, he relinquishes his suit, and provides the lovers with every facility for going over the lines into Belgium. The expected happy romantic ending is inferred rather than portrayed. The story has an excess of the conversational padding at which Mr. Chambers is an adept, but it has also much dramatic action and a *quantum satis* of sentimental interest.

Mr. Stevenson's story is of the thinnest texture, and is also concerned with the romance of an American hero and a beautiful spy. This girl is from Strasbourg, and has in her possession some plans of the fortifications at Metz, which she hopes to place in the hands of General Joffre. The police are on her track, and she flings herself into the arms of the American hero, a surgeon on his way home from Vienna, and caught in Aachen at the outbreak of the war. A deft manipulation of his passport adds to his name the words "accompanied by his wife," and upon this pretence, she persuades him to extend to her his protection. The pair have a lively time in getting across the Belgian frontier, and have to hide in wheat-fields and gullies, make forced marches by night, and swim the Meuse. They are both wounded, but evade capture, and the hero takes the plans to the French camp, where the invisible ink is made to yield up its secrets. We leave the heroine in a German hospital, where she is being nursed back to health without any suspicion of her real character on the part of the authorities, and we are left to imagine the reunion with the man to whom she owes her safety. She makes a very charming and resourceful heroine, and the ingenuity with which she extricates herself from difficult situations excites our deepest admiration. What the author thinks about the whole business of the war is made fairly evident by his hero's comments upon the invasion of Belgium, and by his offer of his professional services to the French army.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

Something of Frank Stockton's delightful irresponsibility and inconsequentiveness appear in Miss Ellenor Stoothoff's "The Nightingale" (Houghton), which tells of a New England wife and mother who flies from home and family to effect her own cure from a serious attack of nerves by rambling unprotected through Europe. In Italy she takes on a young girl as maid, and adopts two lambs. These latter ail slightly, so she embarks for the spot where Southdown mutton comes from, as

possessing the climate necessary for their well-being. It has been understood between her and her complaisant husband that she will return when she hears a nightingale sing. He, after what he regards as a sufficient deprivation, arrives in Paris, where he buys what he is told is a nightingale, and takes it over to her in England that she may hear its song and justify his arrival. She, meanwhile, has been acting the part of a beneficent fate for various lovers, one of them a plumber and the other a chauffeur. It is all pleasantly plausible and amusing.

What an intelligent husband and wife can do in avoiding divorce by removing the causes for separation is set forth by M. Henry Bordeaux in "The Awakening" (Dutton), which has been translated by Miss Ruth Helen Davis from the ninety-fifth edition in French. A brilliant writer marries a charming girl, who, having borne him a son and daughter, is quite content to rest on her ante-marital laurels so far as charm is concerned. Another woman, brilliantly intellectual, crosses the writer's path after years of baffled hopes and an almost complete waning of mutual interests. The outraged wife returns to her people and begins a suit for separation, holding herself innocent of the collapse of their married life. A diary kept by him is placed in her hands, and her failure to meet his ambitions is made clear thereby. She sets about rehabilitating herself in her own eyes, thus opened; and in the course of years attains to her husband's standard of what a wife should be. The book deserves wide reading.

Mrs. Edith Henrietta Fowler's latest romance, "Patricia" (Putnam), has a genuine, if somewhat worldly, piety running through its pages. Patricia is the only daughter of an eminent man of letters, widowed at her birth. His death sends her to an uncle, vicar of a rural parish, as earnest and generous of self as he and his family are narrow. The girl's impressions of religion as a dull and rather sordid business are confirmed by the life her kinsfolk lead, her agnostic training blinding her to the spiritual beauty beneath. She is awakened by her love for a clergyman of high rank, who takes her into a society even more cultivated than her father had thrown about her, and eventually brings her to the Light. Patricia is an excellent example of a witty simoleon, to say nothing worse of her; but her slightness of character detracts little from the interest of the story.

In the death of Monsignor Hugh Benson, the Roman Catholic Church has lost the ablest novelist in her cause she has ever had in England; and his posthumous story, "Loneliness" (Dodd), serves to confirm this fact. It deals with contemporary life, and its protagonist is a young Catholic Englishwoman who achieves a marked success on the operatic stage. This success so interests the scion of a recently ennobled house that he secretly affiances himself to her. Meanwhile her youthful devotion to religion grows pallid, until she determines to marry her Protestant lover regardless of churchly regulations. A slight surgical operation deprives her of her glorious voice; she turns to the old religion and dismisses her lover, now grown lukewarm, and the close suggests the cloister.

It is inevitable that the fascinating figure of the fourth Amen-hotep, self-named Akhenaton, should be connected with that of Moses, since the purity of the Pharaoh's religion bears no slight resemblance to that of the great Jewish lawgiver. Certain chronological obstacles have not been allowed to stand in the way by Mr. Frederick Thurstan in "The Romances of Amosis Ra" (Lippincott), the hero of which is none other than Moses himself. Such portions of the Scripture as could be made to fit are utilized to the full, and a magical atmosphere is created, in the spirit of the miracles of the exodus. The romances are two, the first ending with the birth of the prophet, the second with his retirement to the land of Midian after his slaughter of the Egyptian. The author's earnestness and learning are much in excess of his ability to write convincingly.

"The Graves at Kilmorna: A Story of '67" (Longmans) is an earnest tale of the abortive uprising of the Irish against British oppression in 1867, when veterans of the American Civil War returned to their native land to assist in obtaining its independence. It is the work of the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D., and is a close and conclusive picture of the times in which it begins, and a profound criticism of these later days. A youthful Irish idealist and freedom worshipper seeks death in the cause in order that his countrymen may gain the stimulus that he believes will follow this voluntary martyrdom. His life is spared, but he spends ten agonizing years in prison before he is pardoned. The end of the tale is tragic in every sense of the word. Few more sincere stories have been written of Irish Catholic life.

Spain in the days of the weak and unfortunate Philip IV., with his prime minister, Olivares, as the leading figure, provides the scene for Miss Amelia Josephine Burr's "A Dealer in Empire" (Harper). A beautiful girl, niece to a celebrated actress and herself successful in her brief career upon the stage, furnishes the necessary appeal to the sensibilities. She is beloved by a young nobleman and by the King himself, but yields herself rather to the higher appeal made by the minister, to whom she bears a son. His ambitions take him from her, and place her in retirement. The conclusion is admirably worked out, in accordance with ideas of sentimental justice. Simple and easy in style, direct and compact in substance, this is an historical novel fully romanticized.

Miss Mary Bride reappears with all her common-sense charm in Mr. Edgar Jepson's "Happy Pollyooly" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.); as do also her small brother "The Lump," her employer the barrister, and nearly all the other personages of the story of which this is the sequel. Pollyooly is a most engaging young person who has the knack of coming safely out of all adventures, however complicated, and always with a substantial sum of money in her possession. There is a somewhat long-drawn-out episode having to do with a prince of the House of Hohenzollern which, we fear, does injustice to that doughty line's conceptions of education.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Explorations
in the ruins
of Babylon.*

At desolate Babylon, once mistress of Hither Asia, excavations by the Royal Museums of Berlin in conjunction with the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft have been in progress since 1899. An account of net results up to the spring of 1912, written by Dr. Robert Koldewey, in charge of the work, and first published in 1913, has already reached its third German edition. The hoped-for English version is also now available in a volume entitled "The Excavations at Babylon" (Macmillan). Mrs. Agnes S. Johns has made a free and idiomatic translation which well reproduces the effect of the original. Awkward sentences occur rarely, likewise minor discrepancies of fact. Successive discussions of the separate features of the city form the bulk of the volume; a retrospect sums up the career of Babylon as a whole. Its site was inhabited even in prehistoric times (pp. 88, 261, 311). The water-level, however, higher now than in antiquity, prevents excavating below the stratum of Hammurabi (2123-2081 B.C.), the great lawgiver of the Babylonian First Dynasty. The residence district of Merkes best reveals the course of Babylon's history, from the early state of Hammurabi down through the inglorious Kassite sway and the period of Assyrian domination to the Chaldean empire of Nebuchadnezzar and beyond. For that empire succumbed to the Persians (538 B.C.), who in turn fell before Alexander (331 B.C.). The Greek period was followed by the Parthian (139 B.C.), the latter by the Sassanide (A.D. 226). Scattered dwellings existed in Merkes far down into the Arabic period (began in 636), perhaps as late as A.D. 1200. Since then, however, the whole site of the ancient city has been deserted. As the Assyrian Sennacherib had razed Babylon in 689 B.C., the most imposing remains discoverable begin with the brilliant reign of Nebuchadnezzar (604-561 B.C.), when the rebuilt city was most populous. During the Persian period the Euphrates occupied a new channel, thus producing the configuration known to Herodotus and Ctesias. The English publishers have included all the illustrations of the German volume. But they have used thicker and less highly calendered paper, so that the copious half-tone plates have lost decidedly in brilliance. A reduction in size of page has necessitated folding the colored plate fig. 64, which has also been interchanged with fig. 80. The worst feature of the English volume is the fragile binding, which gives way upon first opening the book. On the other hand, one is glad to note the addition of running title and

index. The thirteen years' accomplishments summarized in "The Excavations at Babylon" represent about one half of the total task. Accounts of further progress are available in German only, in the bulletins of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft. Even now the work continues, for in spite of the war Dr. Koldewey returned last November to his field. Whether the excavation of the city is ever to be finished can not now be foretold. Until that consummation is attained, the present volume will be indispensable to those who seek acquaintance with ancient Babylon.

*A successful
American opera.*

In the poetic opera, "Fairyland" (Yale University Press), Mr. Brian Hooker has given us an alluring text which demands at every point of its development a musical setting. If the book had not been written so that Mr. Horatio W. Parker might illuminate it with his mature and effective art, it would have solicited infallibly the services of some other musician to accomplish what has been done by the master of orchestral investiture at Yale College. The fairyland presented in this drama is not the Shakespearean forest of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania and Oberon have no part in it. The story and significance connect themselves more directly with Maeterlinck and his remarkable plays. There is the old antithesis of ecclesiastical domination on the one side and governmental tyranny on the other; between these two, human life is crushed as between the upper and nether millstones. Liberation is brought about through the elevation of the great body of mankind, and the normal happiness of ennobled daily life is set above all artificial and oppressive distinctions. This theme is presented in a well conceived form, picturesque, simple, interesting. Mr. Hooker's "Fairyland" is the realm of human nature's daily experiences, in the regular processes of the diurnal round, sincerely pursued for ends that are beneficent and purifying, the completeness of love and sacrifice. This does not mean that the book is a moral allegory. The sensuous appeal is there, the story and the pictures are sufficient, the characters awaken admiration and comment, the poetry is melodious, and the echoes of internal meaning surround it with a rich and luminous atmosphere. We have not had as yet the opportunity of seeing the score, but the play seems well adapted to the general tendencies of Mr. Parker's work; and this opera, the second by the same author and composer to win a notable prize, ought to find audiences that will rejoice in its romantic color and movement. If here is an exemplification of what America is to do in musical

drama, we may look forward hopefully to the evolution of an art that will not need to hide its diminished head before the achievements of other lands and times.

*A posthumous
volume by
Sister Nivedita.*

Even the most unemotional of reviewers must admit that with some books sympathy is the only exegete; and in Sister Nivedita's "Footfalls of Indian History" (Longmans) we have a striking instance. One cannot fail to note in the volume many out-and-out mistakes, and a still greater number of controverted points assumed as unquestioned truths; yet one leaves the volume with the feeling that this gifted Irish woman, who became such a thoroughgoing convert to Hinduism, has given us generous fare. At the same time it is difficult to say just what group of readers would care for the book as a whole. To most people a stronger appeal will be made by such papers as "A Study of Benares" and "The History of India and Its Study" than by the chapters on "The Ancient Abbey of Ajanta" or "The Cities of Buddhism"; but the latter type represents the genuinely valuable work of the author. Naturally, one must always make allowance for her preconceptions that Hinduism is transcendently noble and that there is a national unity of India; but when this has been done, the reader will find that her work is careful and conscientious, and based on a serious study alike of the monuments and of the standard authorities. The volume is illustrated by excellent photographs and plans, as well as by six colored plates of real merit, reproducing water-colors from the brushes of Gaganendra Nath Tagore and Nanda Lal Bose. Inasmuch as Miss Noble's books are gradually reaching a wider circle, it would seem that the volume might have given us a brief account of her life and writings, and of her death some four years ago. In itself this would make most interesting reading, as well as being a real convenience for such readers as are gaining their first acquaintance with this remarkable woman.

*Modern fiction
in Latin dress.*

In a disinterested effort to save at least a little Latin from the engulfing flood of anti-classicism, Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, who will be remembered for his prominence in the Amherst movement against undue intrusion of the sciences into the field of academic culture, has followed up his last year's publication of Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River," in Dr. Arcadius Avellanus's Latin translation, with a second book of diverting fiction in the same tongue and from the same translator. This time choice has been made of the learned

David-Léon Cahun's story of ancient maritime adventure which bears, in the original, the following descriptive title: "Les aventures du Capitaine Magon, ou une exploration phénicienne mille ans avant l'ère chrétienne." In its classical dress, under the title, "Pericla Navarchi Magonis," the work forms the first volume of a courageously projected series, "Mount Hope Classics," issued, says Mr. Prentice, primarily for his own children, but very gladly furnished by him to such purchasers as may take an interest in his laudable and by no means lucrative enterprise. The Latin is not exactly Ciceronian, but none the less serviceable for that reason, and perhaps even more readily intelligible; certainly it is not difficult, and the sensation of finding oneself actually drawn along, page after page, by the interest of the narrative will be novel to more than one who, in his time, has been moved to sighs and groans by the elegant Tully's formidable periods. Captain Mago's stirring adventures fill more than three hundred octavo pages, and are followed by twenty pages of author's and translator's notes, which need not, however, halt the progress of the reader enraptured with the brisk movement of the tale. A natural query will be prompted by the announcement on the title-page: "Opus Francice scripsit Leo Cahun, in Anglicum vertit Helena E. Frewer, Latine interpretatus est Arcadius Avellanus." Is the present version based on the English translation? If so, why? Surely there is no apparent reason for so circuitous a proceeding. Mr. Prentice's address is 37 Wall Street, New York.

*A plea for
Belgium by
an eyewitness.*

For the time being, Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has abandoned fiction, finding in the situation of affairs in Belgium matter stranger than any novelist would dare venture to depict. "In a Moment of Time" (Moffat) is a plea for a people outraged, dispossessed, and slaughtered by the wickedest war waged in historic time. The author dedicates the profits from his book to funds for the amelioration (so far as irremediable wrongs can be bettered) of the situation he found there. This situation is described in such details as will bear printing, with suggestions of horror surpassing the power of the pen looming ghastly in the background. Mr. Kauffman sums up his plea in a few vivid words: "Charity has no nationality and knows none. It is not a product of justice; it is justice. To stand with folded hands and watch another nation starve: that is not neutrality; it is the last refinement of enmity. The duty of America, we have been told, is to be neutral; then the duty of America

is charity." Incidentally, by every dictate of civilization, the conquerors should be feeding the people they have disinherited. In making its contribution to these victims, America finds itself paying tribute to ruthlessness. It has to be done and it must be done, but it is not to be expected that America should forego its intelligence and not set the blame where it has been so devilishly earned. There are reproduced photographs to support the text, but it needs no support. As we read we know that the fact is worse than the tale itself, and we bow our heads in shame at man's inhumanity to man.

*An Englishman's
adventures
on land and sea.*

Considerably more than his own fair share of unusual and sometimes exciting experiences seems to have fallen to the lot of Mr. Stanley Coxon, author of an anecdotal autobiography entitled "And That Reminds Me" (Lane), which shows us the writer encircling the globe eight times in sailing ships, continuing his maritime activities under the swifter propulsion of steam, entering the government service as assistant district superintendent of police in Burma, where he helped to make a success of Prince Albert Victor's visit to that part of the British Empire, then returning home on sick furlough, next appointed to various positions in India, and finally invalidated from the service and left with sufficient leisure on his hands to write (with no thought of publication, he assures us) the present story of his eventful life. Between times he has found it possible to engage in divers sorts of perilous undertakings and adventures, including matrimony, and it is his partner in the last-named desperate deed who has persuaded him to make full confession of his dubious doings—we borrow his own playful style without assuming responsibility for any false inferences therefrom—in order that she at least may have some adequate knowledge of his "awful past." Our thanks therefore are due primarily to Mrs. Coxon, and secondarily to the author, for what, in the frankly colloquial idiom of the book, may truthfully be called a rattling good story. Two score illustrations, and an additional one to make us acquainted with the writer's outward form and feature, embellish this diverting volume.

*Life in
America a
century ago.*

To the works upon the social history of our forebears, represented by such books as those of Edward Eggleston, John Fiske, Alice Morse Earle, Sydney George Fisher, and others, a volume of great charm has been added by Dr. Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Division of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress, in the

book entitled "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago" (Harper). In his preface, Dr. Hunt sadly contrasts the origin of his book,—a suggestion of the Committee of One Hundred to celebrate at the City of Washington one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States,—and the war now raging in Europe. The volume opens with the story of the Peace of which the news came to Washington in 1815. The country and its inhabitants, their ways and habits (viewed both from their own standpoint and through the eyes of foreign visitors), slavery, travel, dress, women, the theatre, music, religion, education, crime, poverty, medicine, cooking,—these and similar topics Dr. Hunt, with ever delicate touch, passes in review. At the close, he turns to the political organization and to the problems which confronted the still young experiment of a democratic-republican federal state. The book is well illustrated, and is blessed with an index and a bibliography,—in the latter of which, however, the proof-reading has left something to be desired. Throughout the body of the work the personal element is large, and is accompanied with frequent revelations of the quiet humor of the author. Many social historians write *con amore*, but with little critical skill; the careful historians, alas, are often dull. It is Dr. Hunt's privilege to write both as a scholar and as one to the manner born.

Our picturesque
Western gateway.

The great variety and surpassing beauty of the natural scenery about San Francisco are portrayed by a true nature-lover's pen in Mr. W. E. Hutchinson's "By-ways around San Francisco Bay" (Abingdon Press). In this new land with its beautiful bay of a thousand moods, framed in sunlit hills of the Berkeley shore and distant Marin, dominated by the purpling slopes of Mount Tamalpais, and ever and anon wreathed in tumbling billows of fog, our author has caught his inspiration; and in a few graceful lines he guides the spirit, rather than the feet, to the secrets of hill and valley, of field and forest, of brookside and ocean shore. Mr. Hutchinson knows the land he loves, and he gives us a glimpse of the joys he has found in exploring afoot and afield with rod and camera in the great out-of-doors which lies about the Golden Gate. Quaint bits of old Chinatown, the lateen sails of Fisherman's Wharf where swarthy Neapolitans foregather and where Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to seek inspiration,—these and other gleams of local color are touched upon lightly but revealingly by the author. Lovers of nature will find this booklet a choice introduction to the picturesque about San Francisco.

NOTES.

"Jaffery," Mr. William Locke's forthcoming novel, will be published by the John Lane Co. early in June.

"European Rulers: Their Modern Significance," by Mr. Arthur E. Bestor, is announced by Messrs. Crowell.

"English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans" by Mrs. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton is promised for early issue by Messrs. Lippincott.

The new volume by President Hadley of Yale on "Undercurrents in American Politics" will be issued by the Yale University Press next month.

"Standardizing the Dollar," a statement of plans by Professor Irving Fisher for combating the rise in the cost of living, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan.

Among the season's novels announced by Messrs. Lippincott is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Little Iliad," the story of a modern Helen worthy of her famous namesake.

For the five hundredth anniversary, next July, of the death of John Huss, Dr. David Schaff has prepared a comprehensive and readable biography of the reformer. Messrs. Scribner will publish the volume.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has a new volume in press entitled "Vanishing Roads and other Essays." The "other essays" include "The Passing of Mrs. Grundy," "The Persecutions of Beauty," and "The Snows of Yester-year."

"Panama and Other Poems" is the title of Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest collection of verse, which is soon to appear. Mr. Alfred Noyes has also nearly ready a volume entitled "A Salute from the Fleet and Other Poems."

The narrative of an English nursing sister in Belgium and Russia, entitled "Field Hospital and Flying Column," is announced by Messrs. Putnam. The author is Miss Violetta Thurstan, who wrote at the Russian front while recovering from a wound.

An historical and critical account of "The Art of E. H. Sothern" by Mr. William Winter is one of the features of the May "Century Magazine." It appears coincident with Mr. Sothern's announcement of his intention of retiring from the stage at the end of next season.

The four additional volumes which are to be added immediately to Messrs. Doran's "Art and Craft of Letters" series are "The Ballad," by Mr. Frederiek Sidgwick; "The Essay," by Mr. Orlo Williams; "Criticism," by Mr. P. P. Howe; and "Parody," by Mr. Christopher Stone.

A new complete English edition of Charles Dickens's works will soon appear with the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The text is that last revised by the author and the illustrations represent some of the finest examples of the work of Tenniel, Landseer, Stone, and Cruikshank.

An anthology of patriotic prose selected by Mr. Frederiek Page will soon appear from the Oxford University Press. The contents are taken mainly from English literature, though a few translations

have been admitted from writers as diverse as Plato, Swedenborg, and Cardinal Mercier.

Miss Lillian D. Wald, the founder and head of the Henry Street Settlement in New York city, has written an account of her work among Americans in the making which is now being published serially in the "Atlantic Monthly." In the autumn it will be issued in book form by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

The "Welsh Poems and Ballads" of George Borrow are scheduled for early publication by Messrs. Putnam. Several of the poems included are from the Borrow MSS. Sketches devoted to the bards who produced them precede important ballads or groups, and an introduction is furnished by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "A Far Country," will be published within a few weeks by Messrs. Macmillan, who announce for immediate issue also Mr. Arthur Stringer's detective story, "The Hand of Peril," Mr. Jack London's "The Scarlet Plague," and Mr. St. John G. Ervine's "Alice and a Family."

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson has made a selection from his popular anthology "The Home Book of Verse," published two or three years ago, of all poems of interest to children, which will now be issued in a volume to be called "Home Book of Verses for Little Children." Mr. Willy Pogány supplies the decorations, and the publishers are Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

Forthcoming publications from the press of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. include: "Social Reform," by Mr. W. H. Mallock; "Hermaia," a study in comparative aesthetics, by Mr. Colin McAlpin; "The Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation," by Dr. W. Jethro Brown; and "A First Year in Canterbury Settlement," letters written by Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," during an early visit to New Zealand.

Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub," first printed in the second volume of the 1640 folio of his works, and not issued separately until 1913, when it was produced in Germany under the editorship of Dr. Hans Scherer, is to be published in a separate English edition by Messrs. Longmans, with a critical introduction, notes, and glossary by Florence May Snell, Ph.D., Professor of English Literature at Huguenot College, Wellington, South Africa.

"The Riverside History of the United States," an interpretation of the social and economic development of the United States, is in press with the Houghton Mifflin Co. There are four volumes, as follows: "Beginnings of the American People," by Professor Carl Lotus Becker; "Union and Democracy," by Professor Allen Johnson; "Expansion and Conflict," by Professor William E. Dodd; and "The New Nation," by Professor Frederic Logan Paxson.

The Slavonic Publishing Co. has projected a series of translations in idiomatic English of the masterpieces of Slavic literature, with illustrations by the masters of Slavic art. The plan has been endorsed by leaders of thought in England, America, and Russia, and the list of tentative titles is already large. Later the same publishers hope to

issue a dictionary of Slavic biography along the lines of the Dictionary of National Biography, as well as a Slavic encyclopædia in twelve volumes.

A two-volume work on "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena (1815-1821)," by Mr. Norwood Young, is promised for May issue by the John C. Winston Co. It is an elaborate account based on careful study of the least-known period of Napoleon's life. The same house will also issue Mr. Upton Sinclair's "The Cry for Justice," an anthology of the literature of social protest collected from twenty-five languages and covering five thousand years, and Mr. Arthur M. P. Lynch's study of Irish politics, "Ireland's Vital Hour."

A volume containing a series of lectures delivered recently in England on "The International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects," is announced by the Oxford University Press. The contents comprise "The Morality of Strife in its Relation to the War," by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick; "Group Instincts," by Professor Gilbert Murray; "International Morality and Schemes to Secure Peace," by Dr. A. C. Bradley; "The Changing Mind of a Nation at War," by Professor L. P. Jacks; "War and Hatred," by Professor G. F. Stout; and "Patriotism in a Perfect State," by Dr. B. Bosanquet.

"The Modern Study of Literature" is discussed by Dr. Richard Green Moulton, head of the department of general literature in the University of Chicago, in a volume to be published by the University of Chicago Press. Other forthcoming publications from the same press include a volume of "University of Chicago Sermons," delivered by eighteen leading members of the university faculties, covering various phases of religious life and thought; and "The Bixby Gospels," edited by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, Associate Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago. The Greek manuscript known as the Bixby Gospels—belonging to Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis—was preserved in the convent library of Pantocrator, on Mount Athos. The forthcoming volume will consist of a complete collation of its text, and presenting also its most curious feature, five pages of chronological material, mostly from the work of Hippolytus, of Thebes, about A.D. 700, which are prefixed to it.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1915.

African Roots of War.	W. E. B. Du Bois	Atlantic
Alaska's Government Railroad.	J. E. Ballaine	Rev. of Revs.
America, The Conquest of.	Cleveland Moffett	McClure
America in the 18th Century.	C. H. Sherrill	Scribner
American Fiction.	James Stephens	Century
American Industries and the War.	W. H. Glasson	So. Atl.
American Intellectual Life.	P. S. Reinsch	No. Amer.
American-Japanese Situation.	The. Garret Garrett	Everybody's
Ballads, Sea, in Kentucky.	W. A. Bradley	Harper
Barbarism, Culture, Empire, Union.	B. I. Gilman	Pop. Sc.
Baseball, Organized.	Irving E. Sanborn	Everybody's
Beauty, Native.	Mary E. Merrill	Am. Homes
Belgium, The Invasion of.	Charles S. Allen	Mid-West
Botha, Campaigning under.	Cyril Campbell	Atlantic
Boyer's Military Law.	G. S. Ford	Am. Hist. Rev.
British Cabinet, The.	A. G. Gardiner	Atlantic
Bulldog, The English.	T. C. Turner	Am. Homes
Cables, Transatlantic.	P. T. McGrath	Rev. of Revs.
Canada and the War.	J. E. Le Rossignol	Mid-West
Canadian Rockies, In the.	Mary L. Jobe	Harper

Canadian Transcontinental Railway, The. Duncan MacPherson Scribner
 Climate, Civilization and. Ellsworth Huntington Harper
 Commercial Rivality: 1700-1760. C. M. Andrews Am. Hist. Rev.
 Congress, Corridors of. Robert U. Johnson No. Amer.
 Conrad, Arthur Symons Forum
 Conversation and the Novelist. W. L. Handell Forum
 Cosmos. Gardner Teall Am. Homes
 Cotton Factorage System, The. A. H. Stone Am. Hist. Rev.
 Credit at Home and Abroad. W. F. Wyman World's Work
 Culture and Prejudice. Henry S. Canby Harper
 Czar and His People, The. Infanta Eulalia Century
 Earthquake Areas. J. S. Grasty Pop. Sc.
 Elisabethan Showmen, Tricks of. T. S. Graves So. Atl.
 Englishman, Diagnosis of the. John Galsworthy No. Amer.
 Eugenies and the War. J. Arthur Thompson Pop. Sc.
 Europe. Karl Remer Forum
 Far East, New Menace in. Francis Aldridge No. Amer.
 Farms and Finance. D. P. Houston Rev. of Revs.
 Federal Trade Commission, The. J. E. Davies World's Work
 Federal Trust Legislation. George A. Stephens So. Atl.
 Film Drama, The. George Bernard Shaw Metropolitan
 Fishing Experiences. Willis B. Allen Scribner
 Freshman Knowledge. Charles V. Stansell Forum
 Gamblers, Six Tremendous. E. M. Woolley McClure
 German Fighting-front, On the. Ernest Poole Everybody's
 German Hospitals and Prisons. A. J. Beveridge Rev. of Revs.
 German vs. English Aggression. A. D. Schrag Mid-West
 Germany on the Defensive. F. H. Simonds Rev. of Revs.
 Government by Majority. N. I. Stone Century
 Hay, John, Unpublished Letters of. Harper
 Henry Street, The House on—III. Lillian D. Wald Atlantic
 Heredity, Scientific Men and. J. M. Cattell Pop. Sc.
 Horticulture, Women in. Katharine S. Reed Rev. of Revs.
 House, The Small. Henry Harbitt Am. Homes
 Italy's Reasons. Owen Wilson World's Work
 Joffre and the New France. James Middleton World's Work
 Labor Disputes, Violence in. Walter Lippmann Metropolitan
 Medical "Science," Modern. Helen S. Gray Forum
 Mexico, Sunny Side of. Lincoln Steffens Metropolitan
 Misrule, The Lord of. Alfred Noyes No. Amer.
 Mississippi: The Great River. George Marvin World's Work
 Moral Progress. F. Stuart Chapin Pop. Sc.
 "Movies," Daring Deeds in the. Cleveland Moffett American
 Municipal Court, A Modern. D. A. Baer Century
 Nature and the Psalmist. W. P. Easton Harper
 Neutralization of the Sea. "Norman Angell" No. Amer.
 Neuve Chapelle, Battle of. E. A. Bartlett Metropolitan
 Neuve Chapelle, Battle of. J. S. Auerbach No. Amer.
 Noyes, Alfred, Poetry of. John O. Beatty So. Atl.
 Panama Canal, Building the—III. G. W. Goethals Scribner
 Parenthood. Mary Ware Dennett Century
 Paris in Wartime. Edith Wharton Scribner
 Patriotism, The Higher. J. G. Hibben No. Amer.
 Peabody Educational Fund, The. E. W. Knight So. Atl.
 Peace, The Ideal of. S. B. Gass Mid-West
 Peace Advocate, The. Roland Hugins So. Atl.
 Peace the Aristocrat. Albert J. Nock Atlantic
 Perret, Frank A. French Stirother World's Work
 Pewter, American. Robert L. Ames Am. Homes
 Play Attitude, The. E. L. Talbert Pop. Sc.
 Poetry, The New. Horace Holley Forum
 Poland's Story. Judson C. Welliver Century
 Pork Barrel Pensions. Burton J. Hendrick World's Work
 Prisons of Freedom. F. M. White World's Work
 Prohibition in Canada. J. P. Gerrie Rev. of Revs.
 Religious Education. Harriet L. Bradley Forum
 Revivalism, Mechanics of. J. H. Odell Atlantic
 Russia, The New. Charles Johnston Rev. of Revs.
 Samplers. Walter F. White Am. Homes
 San Diego, The Fair at. Bessel Smythe Rev. of Revs.
 Sothorn, E. H., The Art of. William Winter Century
 "Speeding" and Scientific Management. Ida M. Tarbell American
 Stars, Measuring Heat from. W. W. Coblentz Pop. Sc.
 State Governments, Our Irresponsible. W. D. Hines Atlantic
 Sunday, Billy, Back of. John Reed Metropolitan
 Switzerland's National Army. R. M. Johnston Century
 Tahiti, History of—III. A. G. Mayer Pop. Sc.
 Turk, My Friend the. H. G. Dwight Atlantic
 Vases from Old Jars. S. Leonard Bastin Am. Homes
 Verlaine, Paul. Arthur Symons No. Amer.
 Verse, Southern, Recent. H. H. Peckham So. Atl.
 Voice and the Actor. Henrietta Crossman Century
 Wages and Salaries. Scott Weir Pop. Sc.
 War, Colonial Aspects of the. C. D. Allin Mid-West
 War, Diplomatic Background of the. B. E. Schmitt Mid-West
 War, Potential Substitute for. Percy MacKaye No. Amer.
 War, The: A Way Out. G. Lowes Dickinson Atlantic
 War, The British Empire, America and. G. L. Beer Forum
 War, The Government and the. George Harvey No. Amer.
 War, Women and. Agnes Repplier Atlantic
 War and Drink. James D. Whelpley Century
 Warburg, the Revolutionist. Harold Kelloock Century
 Washington Square. Pietra Van Bruat Forum
 Wilderness, In the. Zephine Humphrey Forum
 Yorkshire, Smuggling in. Walter Wood Harper
 Zuluas, Ignacio. Christian Brinton Scribner

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 170 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The American Indian as Slaveholder and Secessionist: An Omitted Chapter in the Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy. By Annie Heloise Abel, Ph.D. Volume I. With portraits, large 8vo, 394 pages. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. \$5. net.
Makers of New France. By Charles Dawbarn. With portraits, 8vo, 246 pages. James Pott & Co. \$2.50 net.
John Shaw Billings: A Memoir. By Fielding H. Garrison, M.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 432 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
Military Annals of Greece. By William L. Snyder. In 2 volumes, 12 mo. Richard G. Badger. \$5. net.
Germany Since 1740. By George Madison Priest. With maps, 12mo, 199 pages. Ginn & Co. \$1.25 net.
Life and Influence of the Rev. Benjamin Randall. By Frederick L. Wiley. Illustrated, 8vo, 310 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. \$1. net.
The Relation of the State to Historical Work. By Clarence W. Alvord. 12mo, 34 pages. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Modern Drama: An Essay in Interpretation. By Ludwig Lewisohn. 12mo, 340 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.
Medieval Spanish Allegory. By Chandler Rathfon Post. With frontispiece, 8vo, 331 pages. Harvard University Press.
Eight O'Clock, and Other Studies. By St. John G. Ervine. 12mo, 128 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.
Paradise. By Gerhard Hauptmann; translated from the German by Oakley Williams. 12mo, 117 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.
Elliott Monographs. Edited by Edward C. Armstrong. Comprising: La Composition de Salammbô, par F. A. Blossom; Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô, by F. B. Fay and A. Coleman; Flaubert's Literary Development, by A. Coleman. Each 8vo. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.
Baldwin Möllhausen: The German Cooper. By Preston Albert Barba, Ph.D. With portrait, large 8vo, 188 pages. University of Pennsylvania Press. Paper.
The Novels and Ideas of Madame Marcelle Tinayre. By Benjamin M. Woodbridge. 12mo, 24 pages. Austin: University of Texas. Paper.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Collected Poems. By A. E. 12mo, 275 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife: A Comedy in Two Acts. By Anatole France; translated from the French by Curtis Hidden Page. Illustrated, 12mo, 93 pages. John Lane Co. 75 cts. net.
North of Boston. By Robert Frost. 12mo, 137 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.
A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. 12mo, 63 pages. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts. net.
Jocelyn: A Play and Thirty Verses. By Charles William Brackett. 12mo, 93 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.
Battle Poems and Patriotic Verses: A War Anthology. By George Goodchild. 16mo, 224 pages. Hearst's International Library Co. \$1. net.
The Book of the Serpent. By Katharine Howard. Second edition; 12mo, 53 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.
Sun and Saddle Leather. By Charles Badger Clark, Jr. With portrait, 12mo, 56 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.
The Seal of Hellas: A Classical Drama. By Temple Oliver. 12mo, 80 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.
Earth with Her Bars, and Other Poems. By Edith Dart. 18mo, 64 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cts. net.
Resurgam: Poems and Lyrics. By O. R. Howard Thomson. 12mo, 36 pages. Philadelphia: William M. Bains.
"Swat the Fly!" A One-act Fantasy. By Eleanor Gates. 12mo, 31 pages. New York: Arrow Publishing Co. 35 cts. net.

FICTION.

- The House of the Misty Star:** A Romance of Love and Youth in Old Japan. By Frances Little (Fannie Caldwell Macaulay). Illustrated, 12mo, 270 pages. Century Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Keeper of the Door.** By Ethel M. Dell. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 590 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.40 net.
- A Cloistered Romance.** By Florence Olmstead. 12mo, 335 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- The Jester.** By Leslie Moore. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 341 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
- Daybreak:** A Story of the Age of Discovery. By Elizabeth Miller. 12mo, 430 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
- The House of the Dead.** By Fyodor Dostoevsky; translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 12mo, 284 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Eagle of the Empire.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 370 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Competitive Nephew.** By Montague Glass. Illustrated, 12mo, 350 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Business Adventures of Billy Thomas.** By Elmer E. Ferris. With frontispiece, 12mo, 227 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Snare.** By George Vane (Visconde de Sarmiento). 12mo, 339 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Boss of the Lazy Y.** By Charles Alden Seltzer. Illustrated, 12mo, 347 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Double Sequence.** By Henry Beach Needham; with Introduction by Connie Mack. Illustrated, 12mo, 249 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Grocer Greathart:** A Tropical Romance. By Arthur Adams. 12mo, 326 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- Herd of the Desert:** A Horse and a Romance. By Marcus Horton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 289 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.30 net.
- "Breath of the Jungle."** By James Francis Dwyer. 12mo, 356 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Still Jim.** By Honoré Willis. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 369 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.35 net.
- Bram of the Five Corners.** By Arnold Mulder. 12mo, 365 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Spray on the Windows.** By J. E. Buckrose. 12mo, 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- Marriage by Conquest.** By Warwick Deeping. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 342 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Beloved.** By James Oppenheim. 12mo, 268 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.
- The Curse of Castle Eagle.** By Katharine Tynan. 12mo, 230 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.
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